

# St. Ignatius Collegian

CHICAGO

1901-02

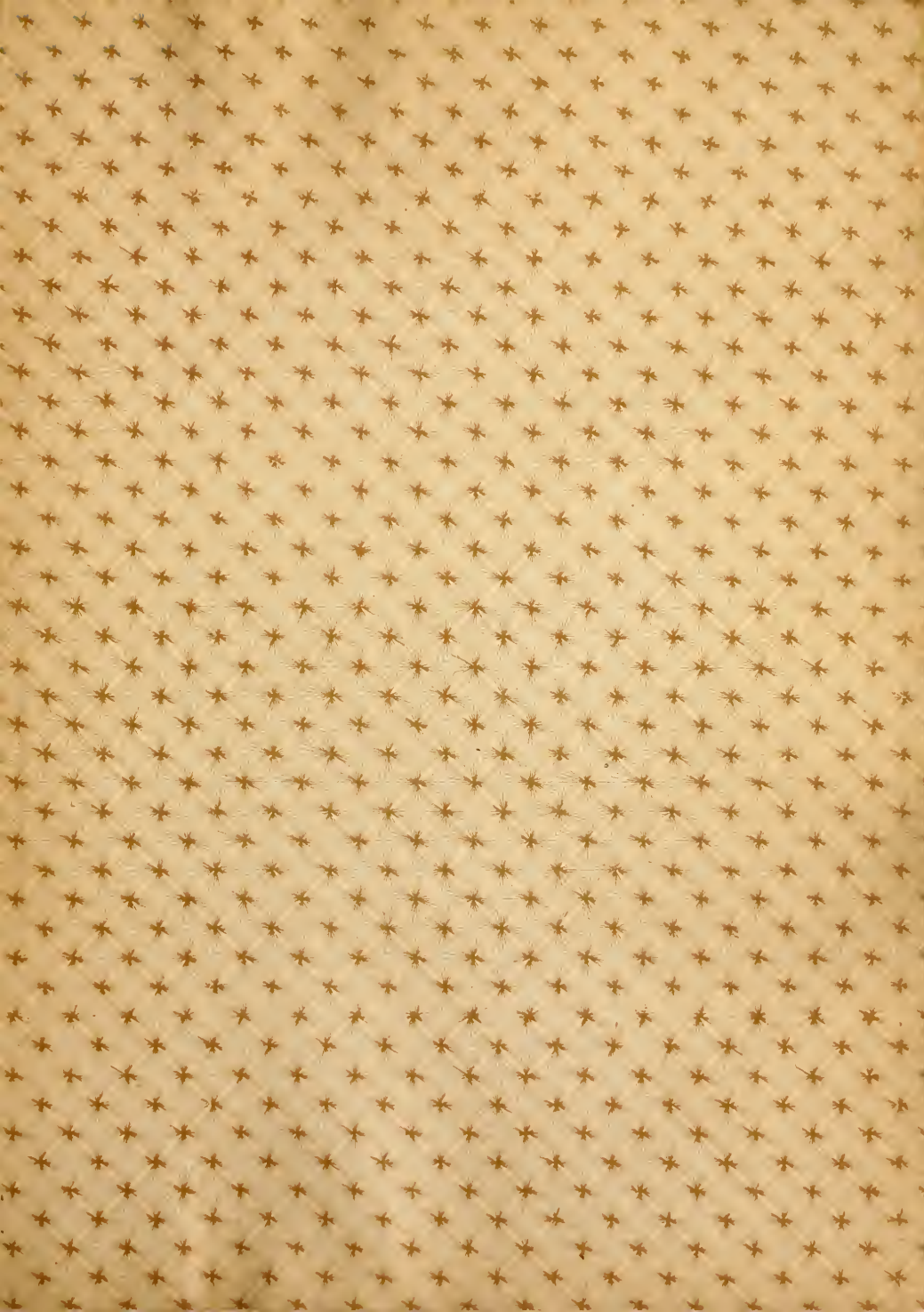
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# St. Ignatius Collegian



CHICAGO  
St. Ignatius College  
1941





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# St. Ignatius Collegian

CHICAGO

EASTER . 1901

ILLINOIS

## Death at the Tomb of Christ

### An Ode



Martin J. McEvoy, '02



In the shadowy tomb, unseen by Roman guards,  
A spectre dread  
Was standing o'er the sorely mangled form  
Of Christ, the King.  
And in the gloomy monster's glaring eyes  
Triumphant gleamed  
A look of fiendish joy. For there lay He  
Whom e'en the lost adore, the Christ of God,  
His prey.  
And there, exulting in his triumph grim,  
Stood Death, the heartless master of the world.

Unconquered he,  
Resistless as the bolt that flies  
From out the dark and stormy skies,  
When lightnings flash and thunders roar,  
And tempests beat and torrents pour.  
And as above his holy Victim's corse  
He bends exulting, lo! with awful glee  
He chants in accents hoarse,  
"Mine, mine the victory!"  
Scarce on the gloomy silence of the grave  
Rang out his boast, when lo! a flush of life  
O'er the cold, sad face of Christ began to glow,  
Faint as the streaks of blushing dawn.  
A look of startled rage and terror flashed  
Across the lowering features of the fiend,  
Unpitying Death.

And as he gazed, like one bereft of mind,  
A dazzling ray of light celestial gleamed,  
Illumining all the darkness of the tomb,  
And blinded even him who feared not man.  
Then through the open portals of the grave  
A burst of sweet-tongued melody rang out

And angel-voices sang:  
"Hosanna to our risen King."

The baffled spirit hears the notes,  
And slinks in rage away;  
Yet ever in his ears

That psalm will ring:  
"Oh, Grave, where is thy victory;  
Oh, Death, where is thy sting?"

## SOCIALISM.

The Sweeping Statements of Prof. Geo. D. Herron.

**W**HILE the arts and sciences are claiming numerous developments and discoveries, it must not be overlooked what very noticeable advancements and gains are being made in socialistic ranks. The spirit of communism is much stronger to-day than it was a decade ago, especially in European nations. In the United States its progress has not been so rapid, although here, too, there has been a perceptible increase.

The exponents of socialistic doctrines have brought forth few new ideas. They continually harp upon the topics which Plato laid down in his "Commonwealth" and More in his "Utopia." To answer a socialist successfully, one should be able to refute the arguments brought forth in these works, which are, as Hallam remarks, "full of false and impracticable theories." Theories, the ideas certainly are, for they have never been successful when put into practice. Even the illustrious Ruskin met disappointment, when he started socialism on a small scale, and if he failed on a small basis, how do socialists hope to succeed on a large basis?

Prof. George D. Herron, the late Professor of Applied Christianity in the University of Iowa, is one of the foremost leaders in socialistic thought. He is a socialist of the most pronounced type, and in his lectures and writings always takes occasion to ridicule principles that govern modern institutions. Perhaps the gentleman has reasons for some of his utterances, and we do not desire to condemn his teachings *in toto*, nevertheless it is necessary to take exception to many of his remarks.

For instance, when he says "It is only the densest ethical ignorance that talks about a 'Christian business life,' for business is now intrinsically evil, whatever good may come out of it," we think Prof. Herron has made a rather sweeping assertion, something which

seems to be the common weapon of socialists. He does not attempt to prove the statement, but hastens on to another.

Now it is very evident to any one well informed about business life that many successful business men lead practical Christian lives. They have prospered because of their legitimate methods, their fairness, and their honesty. Dishonest men may prosper for a time, but the old adage states the case well when it proclaims honesty the best policy. Moreover, we can just as strenuously assert, as Mr. Herron denies, that there are individuals, yes, whole classes, who are not ignorant of ethical principles, and yet teach and speak about a Christian business career.

Again, Mr. Herron says: "Whoever says that a man may live a Christian life, while at the same time successfully participating in the present order of things, is either profound in the lack of knowledge or else deliberately lies." The gentleman has, to our mode of reasoning, laid down a false dilemma, for an intelligent individual, who neither deliberately lies nor is profound in the lack of knowledge, may truthfully say that a successful business man (or, to be more explicit, a man that successfully participates in the present order of things) can live a Christian life. Mr. Herron, we think, is a trifle too positive in his declaration, for we know many successful business men that lead good, practical Christian lives.

In the next place when the gentleman declares, "There is no such thing as an ethical bargain, for bargains are matters of force, fraud, and chance," he does not distinguish business transactions. Perhaps ethical bargains are fewer than they might be, nevertheless there are some. If we consider the case of a contractor, who builds a public structure which gives satisfaction to a municipality and who pays his workmen just wages, surely he is a party to an ethical bar-

gain. Because he makes money on his contract he does not violate ethical principles, for he is allowed a fair profit on his work.

Nor are bargains entirely matters of force, fraud, or chance, unless the purchaser wishes to make them such. The statement may ap-

ply to the traditional book or lightning-rod agent, but it cannot apply to all other lines of trade. A man who has the courage of his own convictions need not purchase anything which he does not desire.

Frank Moran, '01.

## A HERO.

THE hazy twilight of a sultry summer day was fast darkening into night. Along the dusty road the silhouette of a weary traveler might be seen, slowly wending his way. In appearance he was slim of stature, gaunt and emaciated. His clothes though scant and threadbare, showed signs of care and attention. One would have taken him for a tramp, but there was a lack of that careless indifference which marks the typical American vagrant.

As he trudged along, he was frequently obliged to stop and rest. Then his eyes would wander over the landscape and he would murmur to himself, "How natural, how homelike!" After some time he resumes his journey and shortly sees in the distance a large and comfortable farm house. Hurrying on, he reaches the farm gate but halts, arrested by the savage bark of a Great Dane. Looking towards the door, his face lights up with a wan smile as he sees approaching him a matronly-looking woman, who asks him what he wants. "A drink of water, if you please, madam. I feel much exhausted." The woman admits him and, turning to a nearby well, with a look of pity hands him a dipper of clear spring water. He gladly accepts it and is about to drink, when he is attacked by a fit of coughing.

After drinking he is about to depart, but the woman detains him, and charitably asks him to partake of some food. He gladly assents and seats himself beneath the wide-She, kind woman, goes into the house and spreading butternut tree before the door, quickly returns laden with victuals. Placing

these before him she sets herself to wait on him. "How, sir," she asks, "is it that you are making such a journey in your present physical condition?" His gratitude for her goodness was so great that he resolved to give her part of his history, and answering he said: "For many years I have been a wanderer from my father's home (the innocent victim of a father's wrath). He was a man of wealth and importance in his neighborhood, and I was his only son." All this time his listener was eyeing him closely, and suddenly interrupting him said, "It is he, I knew it. Are you not Colonel Blackburn's son?" The young man with a startled look hung his head and did not speak for some moments. Then looking up he replied: "Yes, I am Charley Blackburn, the Colonel's son, and have come back to see my old home once more before I die. As you have recognized me, in justice to myself I will tell you why I was driven from my home. As I said, my father was wealthy, and it was his custom to keep large sums of money in a strong box in his library. No one was aware of this but father, mother and myself.

"One day father was obliged to go to Philadelphia on business. Before leaving, he called me into the library and told me there were bank notes to the amount of ten million dollars in the strong box. After promising him I would guard the treasure, he was driven to the railroad station by Tom, my foster brother. I followed father's instructions to the letter, visiting the library the first thing in the morning and the last before retiring at night. The evening of the fourth

day after father's departure, mother was suddenly taken ill. I was so worried about her that I entirely forgot the strong box and did not visit the library that evening. Next morning before daylight father returned, and not wishing to disturb the members of the family, went to the library to seek a little rest on a couch in the room. His first thought on entering was of the strong box, and approaching the place where it was kept, he discovered that it was gone. My father held me responsible, and in his fearful rage ordered me from the house and warned me never to show my face there again.

"I packed a few of my belongings and left the house, and from that day to this my life has been one long struggle of privation and illness. Branded as a thief, I cared not whether I lived or died."

The woman's eyes were filled with tears and, as he finished, said: "You are not a thief; your innocence has been proven. Your father has used every means to discover your whereabouts, but in vain." "Thank God," the man exclaimed, "at last they think me innocent and I shall be received as a son, not as a thief." Resuming, the woman said: "Your foster brother was the thief. The evening of your mother's illness he obtained the box and hid it in the dovecote on the roof of the barn. A few evenings later as he was ascending to see if the treasure was safe, he slipped and fell mortally injured. Later, when about to die, he confessed the crime." Starting to his feet he thanked the woman from his heart for her words of comfort and bade her good-evening.

Now, along the country road he goes, his step is quickened and he takes heart anew. At last he comes to the bend in the road near

his father's home. His mind is flooded with recollections of his childhood days as he wends his way. He arrives at the brow of the hill, quickly descends, but stop! what is that he perceives! It is a burst of flame suddenly lighting up the sky. "My God!" he exclaims, "the house is afire." He madly rushes towards the now fiercely burning house, and to his horror sees no one about. Dashing up the steps, he finds the door unbolted. Rushing in, he calls loudly, "Fire!" Up the stairs he bounds and into his mother's room, where unconscious of the fire she sleeps. Catching her up in his arms he carries her down the stairs to a place of safety.

Then back again to his father's room he goes. "Quick, father, for your life, the house is afire." Opening his eyes he recognizes his son and exclaims: "My God! it is Charley, my son, come home at last. Forgive me, my son, forgive me!" "Yes, father, with all my heart—but come quick," and helping the old man he is about to lead him to the stairs, but in a burst of flames it falls. Back to the room, through the smoke and flame and to the window they dash. The son assists his father to the narrow window ledge and holds him there, until the servants and neighbors rescue him by means of a ladder. As the father descends he calls to his boy: "Come, Charley, come; you will be lost!" Too late, for, as the father reaches the ground he sees his boy at the window enveloped in flames. His heroism has cost him his life. And now amidst a wild shriek of the flames, he falls back into a fiery grave. Charley, the innocent son, has gained his wish—he has come home to die.

*Edwin Lavelor,*  
Humanities B.

### Stilla Aquae.

Parva stilla aquae cecidit de nubibus. Dum pertransivit aerem, incepit fieri dura propter frigus.

Tum videns sanguinem suam congelare in venis, putavit felicitatem suam omnem prae-terituram esse. Sed, quum appropinquaret

ad terram, liliū purum et album recepit eam in sino suo; et in nido illo calido mundoque, surrisit iterum, fulgens et scintillans, propter gaudium, quod sentiebat in vita sua renovata.

Translation by Daniel Cahill.

Second Academic B.



## ANTIGONE.

**S**OME ONE—I believe it was Mr. Buckley—has called the character of Antigone the gem of the Athenian stage. To my mind we might go further, and call her the gem of Grecian life, the most exalted specimen of pagan womanhood. A gem we have called her, a native crystal, exhibiting when looked at in the white light of Christian morality, amid many imperfections, true and noble qualities—qualities which have been the theme of poesy since the time of the Hellenic bard—a deep, earnest affection for family; a true, pagan hatred; a quick, sensitive nature which feels keenly trials and sufferings, but which sturdily braves them all to follow out what she considers right; and above all a true, earnest love for the gods of her country and a reverent obedience to their mandates.

These sum up her character, and from them we choose her deep religious spirit as the most prominent feature of her life; it is also the most distinctive mark of every true woman, Zeus and Juno are, in her estimation, true objects of veneration and homage. To her the decrees of the Delphian Apollo are to be as implicitly obeyed as are the laws of Sinai by contemporary Hebrews. The duties imposed by the court of Olympus upon her and her people are strict obligations which must be performed by her and by them at any cost if they would avoid terrible retribution and unending misery.

"We are not to dispute the will of heaven,  
For man at last  
Is taught to fear its anger and be wise."

We can then very readily see how impossible it was for her to obey the edict of King Creon, her uncle, forbidding burial to her brother Polynices:

"I have decreed he lie  
Unburied, his vile carcass to the birds  
And hungry dogs a prey."

What! not bury her brother! not obey that most solemn mandate which father Zeus has imposed upon every true Grecian! To her

mind such a course of action is beside the question, and leaving her timorous sister, Ismene, who has refused assistance, she boldly goes to the bloody corpse of her brother and reverently sprinkles over it the handful of dust that will admit his shade to the kingdom of Pluto:

"I'll do the pious deed and lay me down  
By my dear brother."

Caught in the act, she is led to Creon, who seems stupefied that anyone should dare disobey his command, when torture and death were known to be the certain penalty:

"And dar'st thou then to disobey the law?" he cries in anger.

She replies: "I had it not from Jove, nor the just gods

Who rule below; nor could I ever think  
A mortal law, of power or strength sufficient,  
To abrogate the unwritten law divine,  
Immutable, eternal, not like these,  
Of yesterday, but made ere time began.  
Shall men persuade me, then, to violate  
Heaven's great command, and make the gods my  
foes?"

Her devotion to her religion, to the decrees of her gods, requires the sacrifice of her life, which she willingly offers, feeling full well that her stay upon earth is only a time of probation from which she will finally pass to the court of Hades, to the land beyond the turbid Styx:

"Longer there  
We shall remain than we can ever breathe on  
earth,  
There I shall dwell forever."

She dies, mourning the happy life, the joys, the pleasures which should have been hers; praying, with all the intensity of her pagan nature, that he, who had caused her all her misery, should in turn be forced to drain the bitter cup of adversity to its very dregs; yet satisfied, happy, indeed, that by her death she was doing what her conscience and the decrees of the gods dictated. She is a martyr to her religion. Her life is asked because she has fulfilled the most sacred duties, and she offers it. Were we pagans of the time

of Antigone; were we imbued with the religious feelings that actuated the Grecians of that era; were we spectators to the woeful tragedy of this Athenian maiden, we would say, "She dies in obeying the command of

the gods—the last of Oedipus' unhappy race:  
 "One fair and lovely branch unwithered stood,  
 And braved the inclement skies;  
 But Pluto comes, inexorable god!  
 She sinks, she raves, she dies!"

William A. Kannally, '02.

### The Angel's Voice in the Night.

**G**OD'S Word is Almighty. It will save many a man from danger. But God, the Almighty, is always the same, and his wonders have not ceased, as you will know by this incident which happened not long ago.

Like many men Mr. K. had gone, in the beginning of the war, to do his duty as a soldier. He left his wife and only child, a boy of eleven years, living alone in their cottage, about a mile from the village. The house was prettily situated among tall elms, having the church across the road, and the mill and brook at the end of the garden, as its only neighbors.

Mrs. K. used to sew of an evening, while Charlie sat beside her, studying or drawing. One night they sat up later than usual. Letters from father had arrived with good news about the progress of the war, together with the hopes of a visit.

After his mother had gone to bed, Charlie stood at his window thinking and dreaming. He had no lamp burning, but the moonlight came through the open window. As he stood there he thought: "Where might father be now? Is he awake, too, thinking of home? And when he comes what will he say about mother, whether I took good care of her, and about my drawings and lessons, and the creed I learned by heart, and the commandments?

—but do I remember them still? Let me try: What says the seventh commandment?" and in his zeal he spoke aloud, "Thou shalt not steal."

Scarcely had the boy said these words when quite near him, he heard a cry, saw a dark figure run from behind the porch, dash across the road and disappear among the tombstones in the church yard. That was too much for Charlie's courage. In a minute he was in bed, with the blankets over his ears. Forgotten were creed, commandments, drawings and lessons, and he dreamt of ghosts all night.

The next morning the clergyman came in and said, "God has blessed you." He then told Mrs. K. how a robber had come to rob them, and was hiding behind the porch when he thought he heard an angel say: "Thou shalt not steal." He said the robber was frightened and had come to him in the night to confess his sins, asking him to notify the family of the danger they were in.

When the clergyman had gone, Charlie explained the wonder, and they both, with heart and word, praised God and His powerful Word, which never ceases to be to man a fountain of blessing and happiness.

Francis J. J. Higgins.

Third Academic B.

### Sunrise.

The night is dark and grim and cold,  
 The wind blows fiercely o'er the wold,  
 But see, o'er you high eastern hill,  
 Comes Eos, herald of the day,  
 While Night with all her grim array  
 Flies from the coming dawn afar,

And Phoebus in his golden car  
 Day's journey of the sky begins:  
 The merry brooklets jovial sing,  
 And with their song the woodlands ring.

Wm. Ryan,  
 Humanities A.

## CARLYLE.

An Abstract of a Sketch given before the Chrysostomian Society, Dec. 19, 1900.

**P**ERHAPS the worst service a man can render himself in this world is to write his own biography. As long as he leaves other people to deal with him he is safe. If he finds enemies, as he is sure to do, he will also find friends. But when he undertakes to do the business for himself he is pretty sure to make a bad mess of it. Self will creep out unconsciously, however heroic we may try to appear; and self is always small. So small, too, is human nature, that after worshipping at the shrine of a man for forty or fifty years, it finally goes away laughing to discover that its divinity is made of clay, and, perhaps, of rather common clay after all.—Justin McCarthy, in *Am. Cath. Quart. Rev.*, Oct., 1881.

Such was the case with Mr. Thomas Carlyle, the maker and breaker of heroes, the literary Knox of the nineteenth century. In the *Reminiscences*, edited by James Anthony Froude, the true Carlyle appears—the man who thought that the world was going all wrong, and that he was destined to reform it, set it aright, as it were, by his counsels and admonitions illustrated by the examples of men like Cromwell, Frederick of Prussia, Mahomet and Knox, whom he called heroes; the man, who for half a century, waged a war of cant with the “hammer of Thor” on cant itself; who saw in men only blockheads and fools, and in things only inanities and shams.

In these *Reminiscences*, as Mr. Froude, who, by the way, was an intimate friend and pupil of Carlyle, says in the preface, “He (Carlyle) is his own biographer, and paints his own portrait.” And what a portrait it is! The portrait of a man tossed on the ocean of doubt, darkened by his own native gloominess of spirit, rent by disease and shattered by the very powers that made him notorious among infidels of his day. In these he opens himself to us, and as McCarthy says, “Traces,

with most minute and careful hand, the whole current and winding of his life—its gradual development; the causes and events that went to make it what it was; its struggles, and fears, and hopes; its fits of overwhelming gloom; its flashes of joy; the scenes he witnessed in his journey through life; the men and women who crossed it for good or for evil.”

Sprung from poor peasant stock, Carlyle never learned to be refined and gentlemanly. He knew as little about refinement and culture (although he gave vent to one of those Voltaire-like scorns so peculiar to him about them) as he did about his own “Everlasting Yea” and “Everlasting Nay” he has written so much twaddle about. The only book this Annandale peasant boy perused up to the time he entered the University of Edinburgh was the Old Testament, and his knowledge of this was supplemented by a meagre education at the local parish school. He did not seem to distinguish himself in anything at college save his continual sneer at the professors, whom he knew only as “hide-bound pedants,” and his omnivorous reading. He is said to have almost exhausted the whole college library.

When college days were over Carlyle, like the average Scottish rustic, with a college training, plenty of brains and no money, had two avenues open to him—the Church and the University chair. But to neither of these was Carlyle inclined. His naturally independent assertive and indocile disposition, and the extensive detours he had made into the realms of German philosophy and literature during the last years of his University life, and immediately after his entering upon the world, unfitted him for the former; the latter—“gerund-grinding” he called it—he tried but soon gave up with a full measure of scorn and contempt. But Coleridge’s “Bread and Butter Question” demanded an

immediate answer, and literature, a very doubtful solution, was the only resource left the restless and choleric philosopher. But the literary world was not to be taken by storm, and Sartor Resartus, the result and symbolization of years of idleness, bad health and moral and mental depression, was not the kind of production men cared to read. With his mind "high in the eternal blue of the ether," Carlyle hastened to London to find a publisher for his Sartor Resartus. But London was at that time very much absorbed in the discussion of the Reform Bill, and London publishers paid little attention to Sartor Resartus, or at least regarded it as a doubtful venture from a financial standpoint. Frazer's magazine at length published it in serial form, but long before it ended the publishers (and Carlyle too) recognized its appreciation by the reading public from criticisms offered by it,—“Stop that stuff or stop my paper”;—“When is that stupid series of articles by that crazy tailor going to end?”

This was Carlyle's reception by the literary world. His after success was determined largely by his style—a racy conglomeration of Annandale idiom, German phraseology, and Saxon vulgarity, jumbled together and copiously seasoned with droll humor, grim fancies, grotesque sidelights and an abundance of nicknames. Carlyle lives only in the commotion he produced. When that subsides, as it must in time, he will be forgotten. And why? “The center of all his thoughts was Carlyle; their horizon was Carlyle; his sole criterion was Carlyle.”

He was the very personification of selfishness and conceit. He well knew that he was educated, possessed of a powerful, vivid imagination, and he loved to assert it in an unbounding, headstrong nature and a barbarous love of force and power. All he read and thought was assimilated and fused in the white heat of his imagination, and thrown off with a force so intense that to his unprepared readers he was simply resistless. “Carlyle chose to look upon the dark side of nature, and found only inanities in things, fools

in persons, cant in speech, and frauds in institutions, schemes and projects. . . . Take away the style, the forcible manner of putting things, and you have almost nothing left. Declamation is not literature; neither is croaking; neither is nicknaming.”

This was Carlyle, his manner, his habit—in short, the man. A few examples taken from the Reminiscences, which form the basis of this sketch, to show his bearing to men and women now held in esteem and at that time, at least, well thought of:

Edward Irving, a Scottish preacher, and later a very intimate and true friend of Carlyle, had attained some prominence as a preacher and educator. In the first years of his rise Carlyle and he were utter strangers, but here is what Mr. Carlyle writes at that time:

“I had heard much of Irving all along; how distinguished in studies; how splendidly successful as a teacher. I don't remember any malicious envy whatever toward this great Irving of the distance.”

When Carlyle took up his permanent abode in London, John Stuart Mill and the Lambs were his frequent visitors. Mill was then “most interesting, so modest, ardent, ingenuous, ingenious, and so very fond of me.” But Mill's stock dropped very rapidly soon after. Charles Lamb and his sister Mary were graciously recorded as a “very sorry pair of phenomena.” There was an “insuperable proclivity to gin in poor old Lamb,” and his wit was “diluted insanity.” Coleridge was a “puffy, anxious, obstructed-looking, fattish old man who hobbled about with us talking with a kind of solemn emphasis on matters which were of no interest.”

In the course of a holiday, Carlyle met with, as he says, “a cleverish and completely hostile criticism of my Wilhelm Meister, of my Goethe, and self, etc., read it faithfully to the end, and have never set eyes on it since.”

Criticism was bitter to Carlyle. But he continues to inform us what his thoughts were then: “This man is perhaps right on some points, if so let him be admonitory. I



did reasonably soon dismiss him to the devil or to Jericho, as an ill-given, unserviceable kind of entity in my course through this world." Later on he met the man who wrote the criticism, whom he never forgave, and who was none other than De Quincey, one of England's most notable men of letters. Carlyle found him to be one of the "smallest men figures I (Carlyle) ever saw; shaped like a pair of tongs, and hardly five feet in all. When he sat you would have taken him

by candle-light for the beautifullest little child, blue eyed, sparkling face, had there not been a something else, too, which said, 'Eccori—this child has been in hell!'"

And this was Carlyle, the maker of heroes, the man who was to lead and guide the world. A sad sight, a sorry prophet! A picture of a man—mentally and physically and morally adrift, "fatherless and outcast."

Francis J. Tschan, 1901.

## SPRING.

Cold Winter hath departed,  
No longer falls the snow;  
No ice weighs down the rivers,  
No more the North winds blow.

Sweet zephyrs gently whisper,  
To tell us Spring is here.  
The streams, no longer ice-bound,  
Purl softly on the ear.

The tiny snow-bird fitting  
Amid the blinding gale,  
In Winter's wake is sweeping,  
Where shines the North-star pale.

And in his stead a thousand  
Winged warblers carol gay;  
Bold robin red-breast, blue-bird,  
The wee wee wren and jay.

Upon the budding bushes  
Perch thrush and meadow-lark.  
And from the tall old hemlock  
Comes a tapping on the bark.

The gloomy tangled woodland  
Bursts into bud and flowers,  
Won by the gentle wooing  
Of April's sun and showers.

The sylvan dell is covered  
With a carpet rich and rare,  
Where violets and daisies  
Bask in the sunshine fair.

Francis M. McDonnell  
Hnmanities A.

## Quill-Reminiscences.

A Composite Effort by 2nd Academic B.

**N**O wonder the authors of old wrote so many famous descriptions; for their pens, or rather their quills, had come from some bird which while soaring in the air often beheld the most beautiful scenes in the world.

From these descriptions and writings one would think that the quill must have put down scenes it had beheld, instead of the thoughts of the writer. Many of these writings are so beautiful that, if the bird from which the quills were taken instilled them, it must have come from Paradise.—*Terence Kane.*

As I said this to myself I heard a voice. It was the voice of a large quill lying upon my desk. It spoke to its companion-quills as follows: "How strange it seems that I who once adorned the wing of an eagle, the monarch of the air, should be condemned to work, writing messages for ill-tempered, fretful people! It is not very long since I, seated on my master's wing, roamed with him through the boundless air. The sky and wind seemed friends to me. The highest mountains were easy of access to me, mounted on his wing. Rocky cañons and fierce mountain torrents sang songs, to others unintelligible, but to me the sweetest music.—*Daniel Cahill.*—I used to look upon the beauties of nature, in the joyfulness of Spring, in the bloom of Summer, in the color of Autumn and in the majestic beauty of Winter.—*Leonard Burke.*—Our home was situated on a shelf of rock, jutting out into the mountain gorge. Far below, the torrent roared on its mountainous way, rocking us to sleep with its, to us, sweet song. My master was a strong and beautiful bird, chief of his tribe. One day we went on a foraging expedition. As he flew onward, tireless and fearless, his great wings flapping, I could not help admiring him.

It was a fair day. The sun was shining

brightly, smiling upon us with an approving eye.—*Daniel Cahill.*—It kissed the pale face of a lake and made it blush, coloring it so gorgeously that the fish in it seemed to be changed into golden spirits.—*William Magee.*—As we rose slowly we saw an eagle of our own size flying in a lake below, in the same direction and at the same speed.—*William Rouleau.*—When we got still higher the earth seemed to be falling under us.—*Harold Trainor*—and at last we soared so high that green hills and valleys looked like waves.—*Wm. Rouleau*—and small lakes seemed to be but panfuls of water.—*Joseph Warzynski.*—Thus I saw a vast expanse of country.—*Joseph Corrigan.*—As we traveled forward the fields moved in the opposite direction.—*Joseph Warzynski*—and at last when we began to circle, the fields underneath us began to dance and circle, too; so that I became very dizzy and nearly fell.—*Charles Byrne.*

It was grand, looking down on yellow fields and green plains and wild flowers that were of every color and scent imaginable.—*Neil McMullin.*—At first the trees and bushes were a green blot on the dark background.—*Daniel Cahill.*—But as we rose higher, even the forests appeared to be black spots, about as large as my present master's thumb.—*William Purcell.*—The lakes and rivers looked like diamonds.—*Fichter.*—I was not able to see all these things myself; but the little fairies had pity on me and gave me a pair of fairy-eyes and ears.—*Joseph Kenny.*

As we came nearer to the earth again I saw immense herds of buffalos ranging through the forests.—*Stan. Czapelski*—and over fields teeming with wild verdure.—*Frank Lyons.*—Rivers appeared too, which, snake-like, wound themselves over the continent.—*Louis Beauvais*—and in the fields were large bundles of corn, appearing from my position like the tents of a camp.—*James Rafferty.*—A little further on were some big birds sit-

ting on a fence like preachers, while all around, the golden-headed wheat bowed as if in silent prayer.—*Joseph Kemy*.—Not a cloud obscured the radiance of the sun.”—*William O’Grady*.

“Oh, that will do, you have been talking too much; we know what happened,” said another quill. “Your master flew too low, was shot; you were picked out, and here you are.” “Now listen to my early history.” “I was born on an old English farm, just when the flowers were beginning to come up out of the ground and everything was putting on its verdure for summer. I belonged to a little gander by the name of Jim. He was a little rascal; always into something that he shouldn’t be into, fighting the rest of the little geese and ganders. Little Jim grew up gradually, until he became old enough to have big feathers. Feathers did I say! Why, Jim didn’t know what they were; and so, the first one he had, he plucked out; and that was myself.—*Charles Kelly*.—I fell to the ground, where I lay for quite a time. Finally a school-boy came along with a great closed cave on his back. He picked me up and threw me in. When he got home he took me out and cut my head in two. One-half he threw away and the other half he cut in two again. Then he dipped me in a pretty little pond of black water and began to teach me how to skate on my head across the paper. After a short time I became an expert, and now I can skate on my head with the greatest ease. The boy always holds me in a sort of fork; but I am sure that I would not fall if I skated alone.”—*John Miclarek*.

“I had a similar experience,” said another. “A little fellow carried me with him to school. Here I was drilled every day, each day marching steadier and straighter. I had a clean place to march on. The boy seemed to be angry now and then; for he would stick me into some black stuff like mud and drill me up and down again. I made muddy marks on the camp ground, but he didn’t seem to care. His little sister got hold of me one day; and I, not liking to have one so small handle me, stumbled all over myself and splashed around on purpose, until she became angry and threw me here.”—*Daniel Cahill*.

At this moment I heard a gold pen-point say to the last speaker: “You splutter and throw around ink spots; but I run across the page, spilling and scattering golden thoughts, from my diamond-pointed edge—*Edward Wolfe*—which are so brilliant that you would think I had been dipped in sun-light.—*William Magee*.—I remember how that I was buried under ground, for ever so many years, until one day I was struck a terrible blow by a pick-axe, and was dug from the ground. Then I was heated until I became a liquid; the impurities were taken out of me, and I was hardened again. Finally I was beaten into the shape in which you see me now.”—*Edward Wolfe*.

Just now my own pen, having had no share in the conversation, and being worked so hard is getting stubborn, and refuses to go on. I have been trying to force it; but it continues to splutter and make blots, so I guess I had better stop here.—*Terence Kane*.

## Ad Matrem.

O Dei virgo genitrix Maria  
Antequam Jesus animam profudit  
Nos in aeternum tibi consecratos  
Suave reliquit.

Virginum mater, juvenumque custos,  
Qua, nilil majus potiusve nobis  
Praescius coeli Dominus cupivit  
Adhuc Mundo.

Michael J. Caplice,  
Humanities B.

## In the Everglades of Florida.

Palm Beach Hotel, Palm Beach, Fla., March 7, 1901.

**D**EAR Mr. Editor:—Florida is interesting to the people of the Union, because it is altogether different from every other state. No volcanic upheaval reared that long, narrow strip of land. It was built up out of the ocean by the efforts of tireless little coral-builders.

In flora the state presents a strong contrast to its sister members of the Union. It is the home of the alligator and crocodile, the mocking bird and numbers of other odd members of the feathered tribe. Within her boundaries flourish the royal palm, cocoanut palm, banana, rubber tree, the traveler's tree, and numberless forms of vegetation unknown to the cold, bleak, northern climate. It seems as though nature had taken particular pains to make as great a contrast as could be, between the vegetation of the north and Florida. Even the southern states are not able to rival Florida in this respect. This state is a land of contrasts. Some portions of its territory seem fairly with a wealth of semi-tropical verdure; other spots are as bare and monotonous as could be imagined. The roads are both good and bad. Those along the sea shore are very good; they are made out of shells, and when these shells are ground and packed by the thousands of people that pass over them they make very fine roads for all kinds of travel.

Florida is a large state but a great deal of it is wasted and of no good to any body. It contains the everglades, the largest swamp in America, and the home of the Seminole Indians. These Indians are quiet and peaceful now; it seems as though their warlike spirit is gone from them never more to return. It was these people who made their wonderful endless trails through the still more wonderful jungle. It seems as though nature had raised this net-work of impenetrable vines, brush, and trees, to keep man from traveling through it and discovering

some wonderful treasure which it guards. Even the sunshine can not penetrate this mass of foliage. The large majestic rubber trees show out prominently from among the other trees and vines. The trunk is wonderful; it spreads out in different directions as though it was bent in that form by some giant smith. You can not imagine such a tree. You will have to see it to believe such a thing possible.

Men with a great deal of capital went to the "Land of Flowers," and began to cultivate the fertile soil. They improved it by establishing groves of orange and other fruit trees.

The full bearing orange groves are a beautiful sight to behold. Trees covered with oranges resembles a tree with a number of large pieces of gold hanging from its limbs. From this sight you pass into avenues of cocoanut palms drooping above the waters of the southern lakes and rivers, and you pass by gardens of lemons and plantations of pine-apples. A person forgets for a while where he is, thinking that surely he must have passed into a paradise or that he is in a trance.

In the northern part of the state there are different industries. They have instead of oranges and cocoanuts large forests of yellow pine. Millions of feet of lumber are shipped from the state every year.

Another important industry is the production of turpentine. You can ride for miles through these forests, and you will see that nearly every tree has on one side a peculiar opening pointing downward from which the gum oozes. This runs into a cask placed below the opening. A negro has a certain number of these trees to watch, and when the cask is full he has to bring the gum to camp where it is boiled into spirits. A white man has a number of these colored men under him. It is his duty to see that they attend to their work, for they are inclined to neglect it when not supervised.

Oranges, lemons, bananas, limes, pineapples, grape fruit and guavas are some of the products of Florida; but until the year 1894 oranges were the most important fruit raised in the state. They had very large crops of this fruit, but in that year the temperature dropped very low and killed many of the orange trees in the state, and it is just recovering from the catastrophe.

Florida has a number of large rivers. They are not deep for their width and length. It

is in these rivers that the hungry alligators and crocodiles make their home. These monsters are always waiting for some unwary person or animal to walk into their reach so that they can satisfy their hunger. It is said they prefer colored people to any other kind of food.

With best wishes to all my class-mates, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

Edward Sheehan,

Second Special Class.

### Spring's First Flowers.

**H**OW timidly the first flowers of spring appear. Winter's chilling presence is still felt, and the young buds are sensitive to the slightest cold. They seem afraid to pop up their heads, although anxious to blossom, beautify the earth and make people happy. Who does not love flowers? I would delight in nothing more than in studying the different kinds amid the beautiful gardens. Will there not be something like flowers in heaven? Not frail and fading

as earth's are, but blooming brightly forever. I love to think so.

On a bright summer morning we love to gather flowers to adorn our Altars. Flowers make life pleasant and are emblems of the different virtues which we must practice to gain heaven.

We should cultivate them, for they are precious gifts from God.

Thomas S. Fitzgerald,

Preparatory.

### To a Faded Flower.

I would I might renew thy bloom.

Thy fragrance sweet restore,

Banish regrets and evil cares,

Bring back the days of yore.

What has thy mission been in life?

What end didst thou attain?

Tell me, O Flower, who plucked thee and

How long here hast thou lain?

Wert thou a messenger of love,

To tell the sweet old story?

Perchance thou 'st graced a sweetheart's hair,

Her lover's pride and glory.

Mayhap thou 'st cheered a poor sick child,

Whose life was dull and drear,

Brought joy into his empty life

And banished many a tear.

Was it to mark a new-made grave

That thou didst bloom and grow?

Alas! full many a flowret marks

The sleeping 'dead below.

O Faded Flower of long ago,

Not vainly didst thou live,

If thou to saddened, wearied hearts,

Some little joy didst give.

Samuel K. Wilson, '03.



## A DREAM.

ONE cold, disagreeable day in February, I put aside my books and took up my skates, intending to spend a short time on a little creek which was some distance from home.

I reached the creek and put on my skates. For a long time I followed the course of the stream as it wandered here and there, sometimes narrowing until a fallen tree served as a foot-bridge; otherwise expanding suddenly into a little lake, over whose glassy surface the skates seemed almost to fly.

In one place on the bank, a barren tree was outlined against the leaden sky; in its branches perched a dusky scion of the tribe of *Corvinus*, croaking dismally, as though protesting against the dreariness of the landscape. Occasionally a rabbit would spring from its burrow in the bank and scurry affrightedly away. And once the dull report of a hunter's gun sounded on the still air.

From time to time a slight snow had fallen; and as the short winter afternoon deepened into dusk, a myriad of feathery snow-flakes filled the air, obscuring the surrounding landscape.

Turning about I began my homeward journey. The snow beat in my face, almost blinding me; several times I stumbled over sticks frozen in the ice, so that by the time I reached home I was nearly worn out.

After supper I got out my *Graeca Minora*, drew my chair up to the fire-place, and settled myself to review the matter of the next day's Greek examination. Opening the book at random, I listlessly read over a few fables, and then fell to watching the fire. From the flickering of the ever-changing flames, I created many strange and fantastic figures. In that one fire-place, all the animals of *Æsop's* immortal fables seemed to be indiscriminately mingled. Ere long my eyes closed, and in another moment I had entered the land of *Morpheus*.

Again, I was beside the little stream of my afternoon's excursion. In the same tree sat

the crow, holding in its bill a large piece of cheese. At the foot of the tree stood a fox. Then before my very eyes the fox began flattering the crow and soon gained possession of the cheese, while the conceited crow was vainly endeavoring to sing.

Scarcely had the fox disappeared when I heard the sharp barks of some dogs a little way down the stream. I turned, and lo! Everything had changed! The snow was gone; in its place was the green grass. The creek, loosened from the grasp of winter, was running merrily. Out in the stream were some hides, which the dogs were trying to reach.

Many plans were proposed, but all were rejected, until one sage canine suggested the feasible scheme of drinking the creek dry; then, of course, it would be quite easy to obtain the coveted hides.

As they drank, I marveled greatly at the capaciousness of those few dogs. But, alas! they had undertaken too great a task; for as each passed the limit of his capacity, I heard a sharp "pop," announcing the completion of a dog's life. Soon nothing but a few scattered bits of flesh remained to tell the sad fate of those hungry dogs.

I was still ruminating on the events of the past few moments, when suddenly, at the top of a slight hill on my left, the figure of an old man, carrying a bundle of wood, was silhouetted against the moonlit sky. He seemed to be in a great hurry, and was glancing continually behind him, as though fearful of someone who was following.

No sooner had he left the summit of the hill than his place was filled by another figure, weird and terrible. The moonlight shone directly through its body; and, as it moved, I distinctly heard the fearful rattle of its bones! I easily recognized the grim-visaged foe of mankind. Nearer and nearer they came. Death gained fast on his prey. I could hear the old man's labored breathing; his face bore an expression of extreme terror, and, anon,

he cried out in fear. When they were within a few feet of me, Death stretched out his hand to seize the unfortunate wood-cutter. The old man stumbled, staggered, and then, with a wild cry of terror, fell headlong. The wood, thrown forward by the force of the fall, completed a revolution in the air, struck me heavily on the foot, and \* \* \* \* I awoke, rubbed my eyes, and found that the fire-tongs had fallen across my foot.

The fire had gone out; the room was cold.

I glanced up at the clock; it was nearly morning. Outside, the muffled crow of the chanticleer was announcing the coming of day. And then I realized that I had been asleep all night; that I had had a very queer dream about the animals of the Greek fables, and that I was still as wofully ignorant of my Greek as when I sat down before the fire the previous evening.

Francis P. Hopkins,  
First Special.

### A Fireman's Heroic Deed.

THE thin gray light of the December morning stole softly through the windows of a house in a narrow and gloomy court, in the very heart of the city. In a front room, on the third floor of this old tenement, sat a young lady, who was employed in the embroidery of velvet. On a small bed, at the further end of the room, lay a woman, apparently about the middle age.

The scantily fitted room, the pinched features of the invalid mother, the jaded and harassed look of the daughter, as she bent over her work, all told of poverty and suffering. Yet withal, about the room, its occupants, its faded and well-worn furniture, there was an air of neatness and refinement that bespoke easier days. The snowy whiteness of the calico curtains which hung at the windows, found a pleasing contrast to the dirty blinds of the houses on the other side of the court. The chintz, which covered the furniture, although old, was perfectly clean, and on the bed lay a white counterpane. The bare floor was kept scrupulously free from dirt, and in a recess in the wall a small table was fitted up as an oratory.

"Marv!" exclaimed the mother, after a prolonged silence.

"What is it, mother dear?" asked Mary, immediately leaving her work and crossing the room, to sit down on a small bench near her mother.

"Read to me a few more chapters from

the book you were reading yesterday," continued the mother. Mary picked up a book which lay near, and began to read. So intensely interested was the mother in listening to the low, sweet voice of her daughter, and Mary in her reading, that neither heard the fearful cry of "fire!" break upon the December morning. After reading for a while, they were surprised to hear the loud clanging of a bell. Then came a rush of wheels, a clatter of hoofs, the cries of firemen, more clanging of bells, the puffing of engines and the shrieks of women.

Mary's head swam. What could all this noise mean she asked herself. Then she turned towards her mother. The mother, hearing all these noises, had fainted. Mary was very much frightened at seeing her mother's pale face. Smoke began to pour in through the windows and through the cracks in the floor. Hastily getting up from the bench she ran to the window and threw it open. The court was filled with excited men and women; firemen were shouting to each other; the horses were pawing the ground and snorting loudly, and more people were hastening to the scene of destruction. In the excitement that followed Mary and her mother were not missed. But when Mary's face appeared at the window there was a loud shout from the spectators, and several men at once made for the entrance. The police checked them, but a young fireman of Company No. 8 entered the house at

once, hurried up the stairs and soon found himself on the third floor. After groping around for a few minutes in the smoke-filled hall, his hand touched the knob of a door. Pushing it open, he found himself in the room which we have already seen. Mary was standing by the bedside of her unconscious mother.

The fireman carefully took the aged woman in his arms and ran to the door, bidding Mary wrap a blanket about her and follow him closely. The smoke in the hall had become more dense, and there were flames on the lower stairway, yet they went bravely down, stumbling and gasping and feeling their way as best they could.

Meanwhile the people without were becoming restless. What had become of the woman and the fireman? Had they been overcome by the smoke? And many other anxious questions were passed through the excited crowd.

Within, the fireman had reached the second floor. He paused at the head of the burning flight and gasped to Mary, "Wrap the blanket around you and run; the stairs will not hold all of us." He watched her run down, coweringly, through the flames, and as he wrapped his cloak around his unconscious burden, heard a murmur and exclamations without that told him the girl was safe.

Now it is his turn, and may God help him. His head swims and his knees bend, but he holds the woman closer and starts again. He is half way down; the stairway creaks, it sways. Oh, God! will he not succeed, after all! He jumps, but not a moment too soon. Scarcely had his feet left the stairway when it fell with a tremendous crash. In a moment the narrow hall was wrapped in great, leaping flames. The fireman struck the floor heavily and sprained his ankle. With much labor he succeeded in reaching the door. After several attempts he opened the door and staggered out. The cheer that rose at his appearance, from the hundreds of spectators, made the old court ring.

A little water and some smelling salts soon revived the mother, and a few minutes of the surgeon's attendance gave Mary all the care her slight burns needed. Their meeting was a glad one, full of tears and thankfulness. But, what with severe burns and a broken ankle, it was three months before the fireman left the hospital.

And now, whenever Company No. 8 joins a parade a certain young officer is always put where the crowd can see the glitter of a gold medal on the broad breast of his great blue coat.

James P. Garry,  
Third Academic A.

## TRIOLET

Of all the thoughts that, tossing, float

Like foam-bells on the sea,

'Tis this my fancy loves to note,

Of all the thoughts that, tossing, float:

To noble deeds thy life devote,

Thy life that's yet to be;

Of all the thoughts that, tossing, float

Like foam-bells on the sea.

—Ferdinand.

## A Christmas Legend.

**W**AS midnight, and the fleecy flakes were fast covering the frozen earth. The crowd that swarmed toward the old cathedral was a proof to one ignorant of the fact, that there were many good Christians in the city. The church bells chimed and the peals of the organ could be heard from afar, but not one of the immense crowd that hurried in, noticed the trembling form of a little lad who crouched behind one of the church doors, that he might escape detection by the passers-by.

When the last of the crowd had entered the church and all seemed quiet without, Samuel, for that was his name, crept from out of his hiding place. One could observe tears in his eyes as he gazed intently at the sky and murmured the little prayer:

"O, Mary, of the Christians, who was born of Israel's race,

Take pity on a Hebrew boy, who longs to see thy face."

For Samuel had often heard his playmates tell how Jesus Christ had come to dwell here on earth in order to save mankind from sin and death; and how Mary, Christ's mother, loved all Christians, and never failed to help a sinner in distress. And Samuel had begun to love the Blessed Virgin and had composed this little prayer, which he was in the habit of repeating from time to time.

But he was perplexed as to the meaning of all that he had just witnessed, and he stood there wondering what it could all mean, when Mark, one of his playmates, came hurrying toward the church. "Mark," he asked, when the boy had come up to him, "Why do all the people gather here tonight, and why is it that the organ is playing so beautifully, and all look so peaceful and happy?" "I will tell you, Samuel," replied Mark, "but as I am somewhat late, and ought to be in the sacristy now, I can explain it only briefly. This is the Christian's Christmas Eve, the eve before the morn on which Christ, our Lord, was born in the stable at Bethlehem, where

the good shepherds went to adore him, as did also the wise men from the East. Now, Samuel, you know all, and I will have to hurry, for I am a chorister and will sing tonight of how our Lord came down to dwell on earth." With this, Mark disappeared into the church.

While Mark was speaking, poor Samuel stood as one transfixed and the tears came again to his eyes. When his friend had gone he debated with himself as to whether he should go into the church or proceed home. He finally decided to enter. With bowed head, and hat in hand, he walked softly up a side aisle and knelt in the shadow of a large pillar, unobserved. He had scarcely time to utter a prayer when two streams of acolytes, all dressed in white, advanced from each side of the sacristy and marched in regular order to their various places. Some bore candles, others censers. Then came the bishop, with a golden mitre on his head, a crozier in his hand. His vestments, all embroidered with pearls and rubies, glistened in the bright light; while the voices in the choir rang louder and sweeter, and it seemed to Samuel that his friend Mark's rose even higher and sweeter than all the rest.

When the last of this elegant pageant had proceeded from the sacristy to the altar, Samuel crept from out of the shadow and continued up the aisle; but fearing lest some one might detect his Jewish garb, he sank down at the next pillar, and just as the Holy Service rose to God and prayers and hymns went up to heaven, the Hebrew boy falling on his face adored, whilst he murmured his oft-repeated prayer:

"O, Mary of the Christians, who was born of Israel's race,

Take pity on a Hebrew boy, who longs to see thy face."

The lad no sooner uttered the words than he heard, in a clear and heavenly voice, "Thou seest it." Samuel looking up, beheld a wonderful vision. 'Twas Mary herself,



standing before him there, surrounded by celestial light. "Fear not, my child," she said, with accents sweet and mild, "Arise and come with me." The lad arose, and Mary, taking his trembling hand, unseen by all present, led him to the sanctuary gates.

As they approached the gates, the sacring-bell, which told of the consecration, rang loud and clear throughout the church, and Mary and the boy knelt there before the altar till Mass was over. Then she arose and, standing before the prelate, said: "Behold. I bring you here a young soul who, though not a Christian, has ever implored my aid. I bring him here that he may be cleansed by the waters of Baptism and made a child

of God." Having said this, she vanished.

The whole congregation were awed, and the prelate, who was the first to find voice, said: "O, mother most beautiful, your command shall be at once obeyed." Saying this, he solemnly baptized Samuel in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Samuel's friend, Mark, and a few other choristers, stepped forward and embraced the happy boy. But, behold! He neither stirs nor lifts his bowed head. For immediately after baptism his soul had taken its flight to heaven, to spend Christmas morn with the saints and angels.

David J. Guthrie,  
Humanities A.

### The Biography of a Turkey.

**H**ELLO, Mrs. Gobbler! how do you feel this fine morning?" said Mr. Gobbler to his wife. "Very well, thank you," the latter replied, "for I have just hatched an extra large egg; will you come over and look at my little chick?" "Gladly," replied Mr. Gobbler, and arm in arm they went in search of the young turkey.

The foregoing conversation was the first thing I heard when, bursting my shell with a vigorous kick, I came into the bright daylight and saw for the first time God's beautiful world around me. It was a spring morning, and the powerful beams of the glorious sun caused all nature to rouse itself from its winter lethargy. The birds were sweetly singing in the budding trees, and the air was full of the fragrant incense of the flowers, wafted from neighboring field and conservatory.

When I had admired the beauty of nature to my heart's content, I tried my walking powers, but found that it was impossible to proceed a yard. After a few weeks' practice, however, I discovered to my great joy that now I could not only walk a long distance but also fly over the three-foot fence enclosing our domain. But, alas! my very acquirements were the cause of my dishonor,

for when my master heard of this, he ordered my glorious wings to be clipped, and I was placed amongst a number of other more elderly fowls.

In a year's time I had grown to be the best developed turkey on the premises. I held the record for running, high jumping and flying, and, moreover, could fight any turkey in the yard. One clear, crisp morning in the month of November, as I strutted about the grounds, imitating my parent, the "Rex" of the turkeys, I heard the farmer talking to his wife about a turkey for Thanksgiving, and he said that I looked fine and healthy. At the time I did not fully comprehend these words, but the day before Thanksgiving, two men came into the farm yard, carrying with them a long pole with a hook attached to the end. As I was very curious to know the purpose of this machine, I approached them and before I was aware of it, the cruel hook was about my neck and for five minutes the world was a perfect blank to me.

When I recovered from my stupor, I found to my dismay that my head and feet had been cut off and thrown away. Something also seemed to have happened to my stomach, but as both head and feet were gone, I could



neither reason out nor investigate more closely the cause of what seemed to be a terrible vacuum. At length it dawned upon me that I was dead, and that it was not I, but my soul, which, hovering near to its mortal remains, allowed me to see the affair to its consummation.

On Thanksgiving eve I was stuffed with bread crumbs and sage, and then laid away in a cool cupboard to await further developments.

Thanksgiving morning dawned clear and bright, snow lay upon the ground, and the jingle, jingle of the sleigh-bells filled the air with sweet melody.

The farmer and his entire family went for a sleigh ride, and, when they came home at twelve o'clock, you may be sure they had a good appetite.

I had been in the oven since ten o'clock, and when the time for dinner came I was done to a turn. As I lay upon a dish in the center of the table, surrounded by pumpkin pies, cranberry sauce and other Thanksgiving dainties, I pondered on my folly in believing that some day I would become king of the turkeys. But I had not long to ruminate, for I was soon devoured, and just as the last morsel was being consumed, my venerable and learned parent appeared at the dining-room window and said, "Negari non potest quin"—but the sentence was never finished, at least as far as I know, for by that time I was entirely eaten and my spirit had winged its flight to the happy lands where turkeys know no change.

Francis X. Scott,  
First Academic.

### Johnny's Mistake.

JOHNNY was about ten years old, and on the day of which we speak he was seated under an apple tree in his father's orchard trying to study a grammar he had. But he could not bring his mind upon the book for any length of time and at last he gave it up, leaned back against the tree and began to speak. While he was thus thinking and tapping the book a little man about a foot high popped out of the ground in front of him. "Who are you?" asked Johnny. "I'm the slave of that book," the man replied. "Are you a genie?" the boy asked. "I am," replied the man. "Well, good for you," Johnny cried; "I want a gun, horse, bicycle, million dollars and lots of things." "I am sorry," replied the genie, "but I do not give those things; I am the genius of language."

Johnny nearly cried when he heard this, but he checked the tears as well as he could and said, "Well, as long as you ain't the right kind you might as well be going." "Don't say ain't," replied the genie; "it's bad grammar." At this Johnny's heart beat wildly as he said to himself, "He said he could get

them and I believe I can make him." "What's the matter with ain't? It didn't orter be such a poor word." "Oh!" cried the genie, and he nearly fell. "This is awful," he cried; "if you will stop I will see about those things you mentioned before." Here was where Johnny should have stopped, but he was so elated with the success of his plan that he said, "Why, I don't believe that I have no other better talk than that." At this awful speech the little man fell upon the grass and lay there groaning. Johnny ran over to him and asked him if he wanted a drink, but the genie waved him aside and at the same time let out such an unearthly yell that Johnny swept his arms out and knocked a furry-something twenty feet away, which, when he looked at it, proved itself to be a very black and offended cat. Johnny thought over all that had just happened and said, "Well, if it was only a dream I was too fresh and I'll have to start in and mend my ways, but just now I'll go fishing."

Thomas C. Sheely,  
Third Commercial.

## How The Train Was Saved.

THE cold winter months were over and spring, decked in its purest garlands, came to cheer the heart of man, and with it came what is dearer to the school-boy—vacation.

The steps of St. Mary's Academy were thronged with rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed boys, watching the departure of their trunks. Two small boys, arm in arm, were sitting on the railing. One could tell that they were brothers, for they were almost alike, so much so that the one seemed the picture of the other. One, evidently the elder, was bare-headed, while the other wore a jaunty little cap, placed on one side of his curly head. Both wore blue blouses and tight knee pants.

Their faces were all aglow with expectation, for their uncle had invited them to spend their vacation at his villa, a stone's throw from the beautiful Lake Geneva.

Soon a gaily decorated bus drove briskly up to the Academy steps, and all bustled in to get their coats and caps, and, with last good-bys to their professors, were driven to the station.

The day was indeed beautiful, the golden sun spread its rays impartially over hill and vale, over river and creek, while the birds in the treetops sang praises to God.

The boys soon tiring of looking out the window, played games and sang songs; our young friends, Will and John Halpin, joining in, all unconscious of the danger to which their lives were exposed. For on that train was a man, burning with hatred, and ready to sacrifice thousands of lives that he might wreak vengeance upon an innocent man.

Bill Harkins, the engineer, had told Tom Buton, the fireman, that if he did not stop

drinking while on duty he would have to report him. Tom resented this and tonight he would wreck the train. He was drunk, and he knew it. This made him more angry and taking a revolver that lay by his side, he pointed it at the unfortunate engineer's head.

"Bill," he said, "I've waited for this chance a long time. The Fast Mail will be along in half an hour. I have only to delay you that long and the train will be wrecked. I shall jump off just in time to save myself. Everybody will say it was the carelessness of the engineer and you cannot deny it, for you will be dead."

In the meantime the sun had set and (now) it was dusk and sleep doubly welcome after the excitement of the day gradually settled upon the boys. But Will was restless. "John," he said, "I don't feel well. I think I'll go out on the platform and get some fresh air."

"I'll go with you," answered John.

They went out on the platform and their voices attracted the attention of the fireman for one minute, but that was the minute the engineer was waiting for. He grasped the revolver, and taking the fireman up in his arms, he pitched him out into the dark night.

The two boys, unaware of what had happened, went inside and slept peacefully. They reached their uncle's villa in safety and had a very pleasant vacation.

Years afterward an old grey-haired man, an ex-engineer of a great railroad, told these two boys, now prosperous merchants, how, on one trip, he nearly had his train wrecked, and how it was saved by two unknown persons.

Edgar Banks,  
Second Academic A.

## Ad Sanctum Aloysium.

### I.

Luce cœlorum, mare per profundum,  
Advenit navis requietis oras  
Sic viam Sancti Juvenis sequentes  
Pace fruemur.

### II.

Lilium fulgens, Juvenum Patrone  
Sanguinis clari decus et voluptas  
Liberos omnes tibi consecratos  
Accipe benigne.

—Charles S. O'Shea.

## SPRING.

An Alliterative Composite.

April arbors are artistically arrayed.—G. Carroll.

Again awakes Acanthus all abloom, alluring all alike.—J. Carey.

Branches bend beneath bursting buds; birds build beneath bushes.—J. McNamara.

Babbling brooks brush banks burdened by blossoms.—M. A. Brady.

Chatting children come caroling, cheerfully carrying clover.—Jos. Wyrzykowski.

Charmingly cool climate causes cheerfulness.—J. Carey.

Dark days disappear, denoting dreariness dead.—B. Daly.

Dripping dewdrops daintily decorate delightful daisies.—W. Farrell.

Drooping daffodils denote day's departure.—W. Farrell.

Earth enjoys each entrancing evening; enchanting evergreens embellish everything.—T. Enright.

Fairest flowers fill fertile fields; fragrant foliage fans flushed faces.—W. J. McCauley.

Gorgeous gladiolas gladden gay gardens; goats gambol, geese gabble, green grass grasslistens.—J. Burke.

Hungry hurrying herdsmen homeward hasten happy herds.—W. J. Shannon.

Harmonious harbingers haunt high hemlocks.—B. Daly.

Indolent Indians inhabit ideal islands.—B. Cullen.

Injurious insects infest innumerable inlets.—F. Lee.

Jolly jay-birds join jabbering jackdaw's jubilee.—M. A. Brady.

Kindly keepers knowingly keep kingbirds kettrels, kites.—F. Melvern.

Lilies line lovely lakes' low ledges, leisurely languishing.—C. Crowley.

Lithesome laughing lads loudly lament long labors.—B. Conley.

May's mild month makes men's minds muse.—C. F. Finnegan.

Melodious mocking-birds' music makes many maidens merry.—F. X. Liston.

Many mirthful meetings mark May's merry month.—J. Condon.

Numerous nightingales nestle near nurtured nasturtiums.—P. Bauters.

Orioles, occupying old oaks, offer others overtures.—J. McElhern.

Old overworked oxen occasionally outwit overseers.—J. Condon.

Patient plowmen, placidly pacing, plow pleasant pastures.—J. Doyle.

Pretty pansies produce pleasant perfumes.—J. McNamara.

Proud peacocks produce perfect plumage.—Wm. Spaltenstien.

Querulous quails quietly quit quarreling.—C. Murray.

Queer quadrupeds quickly quit quaking quagmires.—B. Daly.

Red roses reappear; roistering red-birds rejoicingly return.—J. Wyrzykowski.

Ravens running rows rapidly race robins.—C. E. Finnegan.

Running rivulets reflect rainbow radiance.—W. Shannon.

Slender sweet-peas stately sway; Spring's soft silvery sunbeams serenely shine.—G. Carroll.

Spring's song-birds softly scatter sweet sounds.—J. McNamara.

Swift swallows silently seek shady sycamores.—C. Crowley.

Sweet smelling saffron scatters scents.—W. J. McCauley.

Timorous toads thickly tread the toilsome trenches.—C. Murray.

Tender trailing tendrils twine the tall tamarack trees.—G. E. Hechinger.

Tough thorny thistles tenant traveled turnpikes.—B. Daly.

Untidy urchins uselessly use umbrageous umbrellas.—B. Daly.

Vermilion verbenas variegated verdant valleys.—F. Mehren.

Vegetarians vend various vegetables; visitors view velvety violets.—F. X. Liston.

Weary woodmen warily watch woodpeckers.—C. O'Connor.

Wandering woodbines weave wondrous wreaths.—M. A. Brady.

Wild warblers wistfully watch winged wasps.—F. Judge.

Whistling whip-poor-wills waken wide welkins' welcome.—C. Murray.

Second Commercial.

## A F O P.

**A**LWAYS fussing, squirming, brushing, feeling his tie, and combing his hair with his fingers is the local dude of to-day. He generally holds such a position, if he works at all, as would not require the weakest woman to exert herself, his manner is that of a lamb, and his hair is divided exactly in the middle.

On the street, if you notice, he generally wears an eye-glass over the right "jewel," while he gently grasps a cane which only comes into use when he wishes to knock the ashes from his tailor made cigarette, or suck inspiration from its German silver knob. If you converse with him he always has something exciting to tell you and ends every sentence with an exclamation. He wears a cuff on his neck for a collar, his tie speaks for itself, and in the background is a shirt

on which you could play checkers. His coat is cut away, not for mending, but just for instance.

Across his vest, running into either pocket, is a chain; pendent from it is a gold seal to which is attached a 30c diamond. Covering his crooked legs is a pair of check pants which are so tight that if he made an unusual move he would have to see a tailor in short order. On his feet, which are generally raised in Chicago, is a pair of silk-top patent leather shoes, containing a polish so bright that it would dazzle the eye in the sun-light. Yet he is harmless and some people say he has brains. Most of his time is spent in cultivating his mustache, and in selecting perfumes.

James McClevy,

First Commercial.

## Jack's Holiday.

**J**ACK WEST was a boy of about twelve years of age. He lived near the seashore. He attended the Sisters' School, which was not far from his home. It was the first day of vacation, so Jack went fishing. This sort of work was so tiresome to him that he soon fell asleep and dreamed he caught a big fish which pulled him into the water, and swam as swift as the wind to a coral cave where several mermaids were preparing a banquet.

The fish which pulled Jack into the water proved to be a whale. The whale went up to the head of the mermaids and asked her something which Jack could not hear. The mermaid told the fish to bring his captive to King Neptune.

Jack was immediately taken before Neptune, who asked him by what authority he fished in that sea and took so many of their

friends captives. But Jack said, "I did not mean to harm them, and I will never fish again." The king then granted him his pardon.

At a sign from Neptune the whale took a large sea shell and wound a hearty blast upon it. Immediately a carriage, made of pearls, and drawn by several dog-fish, stopped before the king. When Neptune and Jack stepped into the vehicle, fifty or more sword fish came out and served as a guard.

When they arrived at the palace of the mermaids, the gates were thrown open and they walked in.

Just at this period Jack was given a shake, and opening his eyes he saw an old fisherman standing over him waiting to tell him that there was a fish on the end of his line.

I. Doyle,  
Preparatory.

# St. Ignatius Collegian

*By the Students of St. Ignatius College, Chicago, Ill.*

## STAFF:

Francis F. Moran  
Clarence E. Mercer  
Charles M. Camp

William A. Kannally  
Arthur D. Spillard  
Charles F. Conley

Thomas J. Moore  
John A. Pierce  
Samuel K. Wilson

EASTER, 1901

## The Play.

**O**N SATURDAY evening, December the 22d, the college students presented "The Black Arrow" at the Studebaker. The theatre was filled with an enthusiastic and refined audience.

There are two factors which always contribute to the success of any dramatic entertainment, the audience and the actors. If both are in harmony the production must be a notable achievement. At the college play both factors were eminently present.

The very title of the play, "The Black Arrow," excites our curiosity. We wonder if we are going to invade some stronghold of pirates or some camp in war. No, we are not. "The Black Arrow" is a messenger of death and not a sign of pirates nor an emblem of warfare. The play itself was dramatized from Mr. Stevenson's novel of the same name, by Mr. Joseph C. Husslein, S. J.

Briefly, the plot is this: A bold knight, Sir Daniel, secretly murders Dick Shelton's father and keeps the lad's property under pretense of wardship. Dick trusts and believes in his oppressor until the period at which the play opens. He then makes friends with Hal Erwin, who has, through force, fallen into Sir Daniel's power. He has been kidnapped by the knight, who desires the boy's inheritance. The boys flee and Sir Daniel's treachery is exposed. The Black Arrow is a relentless avenger, which pursues the every step and move of Sir Daniel.

The play is replete with variety. The scene shifts from an inn to a forest and from a battlefield to a court. The prettiest and most artistic scene, to our mind, is in the second act, in the forest near Tunstall, whither Dick Shelton and Hal Erwin have fled from Sir Daniel. The forest is green and

leafy. The birds twitter and the trees sway with the wind. Hal and Dick are standing there in the heart of the forest and Hal is trying to persuade Dick to leave him, when they are both frightened by the appearance of a leper. With his bell tinkling a warning not to approach, and with his garment of white completely hiding him from view, the leper is indeed a gruesome yet a realistic object. Is it possible, asks the audience, that we see a leper of Molokai? But we soon forget our horror of the leper in the rousing influence of the Huntsman's song. A keg of ale is enthroned under an old tree and there the men of the Black Arrow, under the leadership of such an old tippler as Will Lawless, drink to their heart's content and make the woods re-echo with their jolly song. Are we in merry England and among the haunts of Robin Hood and Friar Tuck? inquire the audience. We must not, however, in our enthusiasm, over the Huntsman's song, forget the gypsy dance. It certainly was fine, even though the gypsies did not look as if they had ever slept with mother earth for a pillow, the moon for their electric light and the firmament for their roof. The scene between Sir Daniel and Sir Oliver was very dramatic and well acted. The battlefield near Shoreby, was good. The vizor of the Duke was more anxious for battle than the Duke himself. It was forever creeping down over the Duke's face, trying to persuade him that it was time to draw his mighty sword. A minuet was danced by a score of pages in the court scene. The costumes were elaborate and pretty and heightened the effect of their fantastic movements.

These remarks cannot include in detail all the actors and scenes, though all are worthy of praise. The play was excellent.

Nor must we forget the grand debut of our orchestra. In its first public appearance it played beautifully.

We congratulate in particular the following gentlemen: Mr. Paul Muehlmann, Mr. George Carroll, Mr. Charles O'Hern, Mr. Clarence Mercer, Mr. John Clifford and Master William Magee.

Frank Geraghty, '01.



## Music and Song.

THE 31st of October, 1900, was the day which first brought our College Orchestra and Senior Glee Club to the notice of the students at large. Before that there had been vague rumors, which many had heard, but which few had heeded. Hence the surprise when the first bars of the opening orchestral number struck up. The ringing applause which followed the last note showed the appreciation of the audience.

The Glee Club next appeared, nervous, no doubt, but plucky, if we may judge by its splendid performance. Of course the choir sang its numbers very well, as it always does. However, most interest was centered upon the two budding organizations—the orchestra and the glee club. All pronounced them a success and predicted that they had come to stay. Father Cassilly, who was the prime mover of the enterprise, and Prof. Roy, who directed the orchestra, were more than repaid for their labors.

The next event in the history of the orchestra and glee club was their public debut at the Studebaker, on the occasion of the college play. Like the play and the vocal duet of Masters Manning and Epstein, they scored a signal success.

Thus encouraged, musicians and singers made greater efforts than ever, and manifested their improvement in a "Mardi Gras Concert," given in the College Hall. The overture, "Poet and Peasant," was rendered with rare technique by Thos. Enright. The orchestra gave five numbers and surpassed the most sanguine expectations. The Junior Glee also shared the honors of the day. Masters Birren and Manning sang a beautiful duet. So did Masters Carvallo and Schmitz, while Master Epstein feelingly rendered the soprano solo, "A Mother's Kiss." The Senior Glee Club linked music and merriment in two humorous songs, while a picked trio from the Commercial Course did the same.

The chef d'oeuvre, however, was the violin solo by Prof. Robert McGuirk, professor of violin at the college. In response to an en-

core, or rather an ovation, the virtuoso sang a tender song in a pure baritone. It, too, was applauded to the echo.

The last triumph of college harmony was at the exhibition of the Athletic Association. The orchestra pleased its old friends and made many new ones. On this occasion Mr. Paul Muehlman strengthened his reputation as a vocalist, while Mr. P. J. Maher showed himself equally at home with music and with an audience.

At present the Glee Club, under the able direction of Mr. J. E. Barlow, S. J., are preparing some numbers for the coming oratorical and elocution contests. Prof. Roy also promises some new pieces and it is safe to predict that the whole performance will be of a high standard.

Martin J. McAvoy, '00.

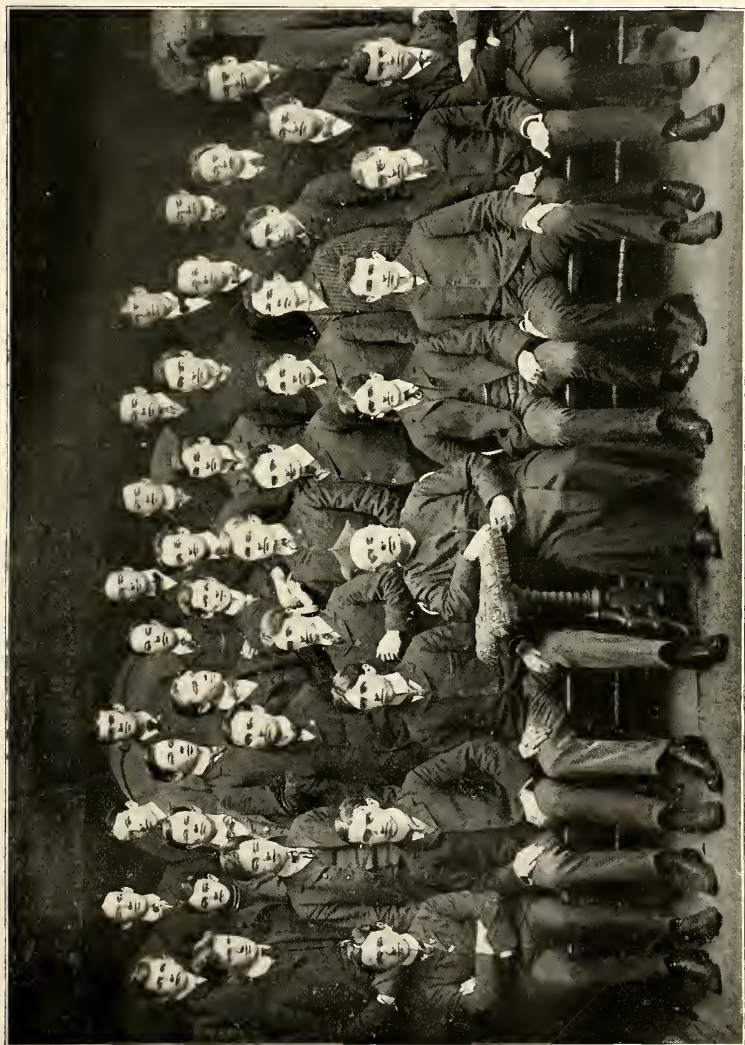
## Associations.

### SENIOR SODALITY.

THE sodality of the Blessed Virgin is enjoying an exceedingly prosperous year. Seldom in its history have its members been so numerous, or has there existed among them such a good spirit, facts due in great part to the efforts and personal influence of Reverend Father Mitchell, who is directing it.

This society was founded on November the third, eighteen hundred and seventy-two, and has gradually broadened in scope and grown in membership, until it has become a distinct feature of the college. On the twenty-fifth of last October, its number was further augmented by the addition of about thirty new members. The usual ceremonies incident to the occasion were gone through with, and the Reverend Father Gleeson spoke at some length on the dignity of the sodalist, and the beauty of the devotion to our Blessed Mother. The effect has since been shown by a communion made by the sodality in a body on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, as well as by the unusually large attendance that has characterized the weekly meetings.

It is to be hoped that this regularity of



THE CHRYSOSTOMIAN SOCIETY

attendance will continue unabated till the close of the school year. The sodality must, and in fact does exert a vast influence over all of us. We are happy to say that the students seem to realize this, and that the results so far attained are extremely gratifying. Both the director and the members are to be congratulated.

J. R. Ficklin, '01.

#### JUNIOR SODALITY.

The Junior Sodality is in a flourishing condition. The Rev. Father Copus, S. J., is the Director. An interesting reception was held on February 2, at which fifty-two candidates, after the usual probation, were received into the sodality. All the students of the college were present at this public reception. The candidates were addressed by the Rev. H. Dumbach, S. J., who complimented the society on the spirit of devotion they have shown this year. Numerically the society is stronger this year than for many years. The second reception of the year will be held some time in the month of May.

The sodality, through the generosity of its members, has been enabled to procure a new supply of books and ribbons, also to have a beautiful scroll ornamentation attached to the tablet containing the names of the members. At the weekly meetings every Monday the careful and pious way with which the Sodalists recite the little office of the Immaculate Conception gives evidence of their earnestness and devotion to the Holy Mother of God. At the invitation of the director, the Rev. Fr. De Rop, S. J., a visitor to St. Ignatius College, addressed the Sodalists at the regular weekly meeting on Monday, March 11th. He expressed himself as delighted at the fervor and earnestness of these young clients of Mary.

Hector D. Brosseau,  
Sec. Junior Sodality.

#### THE LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

Over four hundred students of the college are members of the League. The Rev. Father Copus, S. J., the League director, received

over one hundred new members in the early part of the school year. The zeal and fervor displayed by the members in the devotion of the Sacred Heart is worthy of great commendation and must certainly have been instrumental in making the college year as successful as it has been up to the present time. So far as is known, the chain of daily communions of reparation has never been broken. This is certainly a splendid student record. The director holds regular monthly meetings of the promoters, when the interests of the Sacred Heart are discussed. A large majority of the members of the College League approach Holy Communion every First Friday. The public devotions of the College League are held on the First Friday of every month in the Lower Church. They consist of an instruction by the director, the act of Reparation, and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. During the month of June about twenty new promoters will receive diplomas and crosses as a reward of their zeal.

Francis J. Tschan,  
Head Promoter Coll. League.

#### THE CHRYSOSTOMIAN SOCIETY.

The Chrysostomian debating society is one of the many successful and prosperous societies of the college. Since its organization, in 1875, when it was hardly prudent to make a prophecy in regard to its future career, the students, who have been identified with it, during their college days, have worked faithfully and cheerfully to surpass any forecast of success which might be founded on the prospects shown at the first meeting.

To all of the honest, hard working members, who have joined the society with the intention of doing all, that would further and complete their college training, and everything that would promote the interests of the body, to their efforts and the careful direction of the many worthy members of the Faculty, who have advised from the Presidential chair, must be attributed the present encouraging condition of the organization.

Financially it is very prosperous indeed. The attendance, too, during the past year, has been very satisfactory, if we take into consideration the many difficulties which almost all literary societies meet with in the day schools and day colleges.

The object of the society, as implied in the Constitution, is to promote the cultivation of eloquence, the acquisition of sound knowledge and a taste for literary studies. Supposing this extensive object were only partially attained, even then, the possessor of these fragments would be fully compensated for any labors in the interest of the society and himself.

This thought, trite as it may seem, should make the members serious in the promotion of its purpose.

Certainly the present members of the society have models of ingenuity and energetic application among their predecessors whose struggles for a complete college education they may well emulate.

James G. Henaghan,

Vice-Prest. of the Chrysostomian Society.

### Athletics.

**A**THLETICS, as they exist in our American Colleges, have recently come in for much adverse criticism. Like every good thing, athletics may be overdone. If made a passion instead of a pastime, they may prove detrimental. Athletic exercises are a means to an end. In the inversion of this order lies the abuse. Sports are the beginning of life's struggles. Indulged in with discretion they form a fair amount of education, and have been so considered at all times by all men.

Hear the old fellows cheer the young ones in the arena, and believe it; see the crowds as they throng the stands, and doubt it not; observe their tense excitement; note the hushed interest at some critical stage in some athletic contest; hear the spontaneous burst of applause as victory veers this way or that, and you will conclude that there is some-

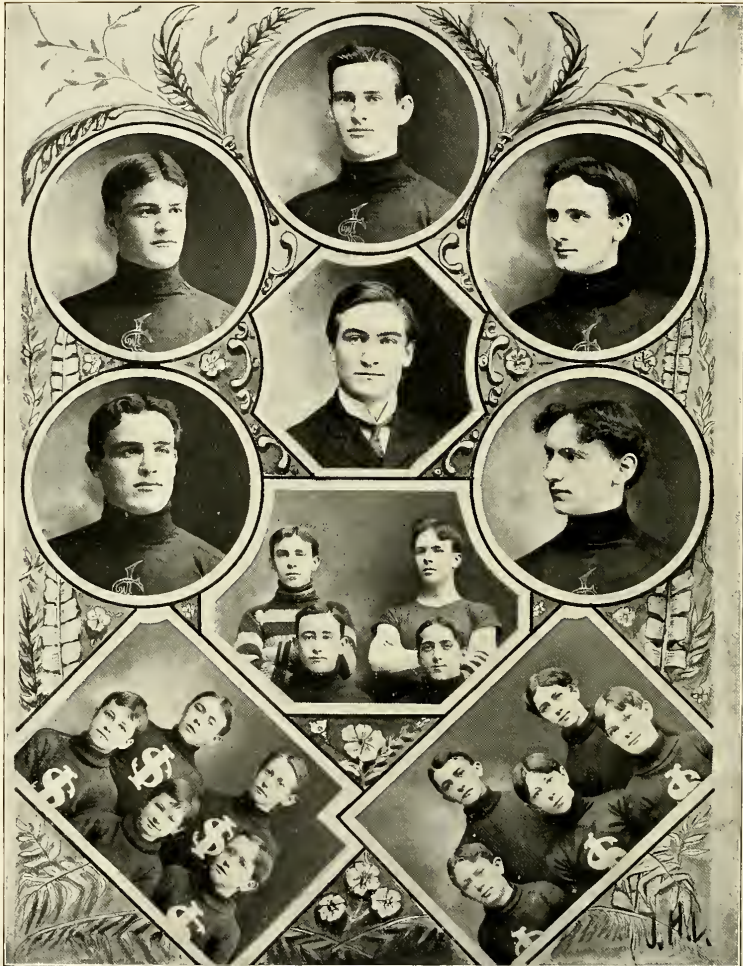
thing in manly outdoor exercise which appeals to human nature and that the old are with the young in their belief that physical development, if not unbalanced, is not quite so bad as some would wish us to believe.

There were times when athletics usurped the place of nobler endeavors. To the athlete at the Olympian and Pythian games, in the pagan days of old, persistent preparation, austere and vigorous training were esteemed as nothing in view of the possible honor and glory which should be his should he be found conditioned to enter the tests. With him athletics were a business. To participate in the national games was the honorable ambition of every strong-limbed Grecian youth. He counted neither fatigue nor labor; he stopped at nothing which would fit him for the contest, on the result of which he had staked so much. To him it mattered not if his heart ceased its throbbing the moment the victor's wreath encircled his brow. For it meant life-long honors for his family, freedom from taxes, luxurious and splendid living at the state's expense.

It is not so now. We have put sports in their proper place. Being neither sticks nor stones, we do what we can to preserve and perfect the God-given gifts of health, muscle and brawn. To care and nurse them is a duty; and if duty becomes a pleasure, so much the better, provided the means employed are reasonable and noble. Amherst College found it advisable to introduce physical culture into her curriculum. The wisdom of the course is borne out by the report of the subsequent year, in which it was shown that the average class-days missed on account of sickness was 2.46 for each student, when previously it had been considerably above that figure.

Athletics beget sincerity; they foster honesty. Show me the straight-limbed, clean-cut, fresh and buoyant Sophomore or Freshman straining his utmost to uphold the honor of his college and his class, and I will wager that he is among the last who would cheat, or lie, or steal. If there have been abuses,







let us not forget the blessings wrought by fair and healthy college sports. "My mind to me a kingdom is"—says an old poet. If that mind flourishes best in a vigorous body, let us not entirely spurn that which will make the body the healthy dwelling place of the mind.

Physical culture has been given new life since the services of Mr. J. F. Rogers, of Yale, were engaged. His classes have increased to such an extent that the faculty have found it necessary to prepare a new gymnasium, as the old quarters have become too narrow and crowded. The students are fully alive to the change, and have already subscribed over one hundred and twelve dollars for shower baths, which will be attached to the new gymnasium. Another improvement will be the hundred new lockers, now in the course of construction, and which are after the latest and best plans, and modeled after those in the gymnasium of the Chicago Athletic Club.

The public exhibition of the physical culture classes proved very successful. A program, unique and varied, with many amusing features, kept the spectators highly entertained. Mr. J. F. Rogers gave an exhibition in fancy club swinging which was much enjoyed, the remaining portion of the program including special work on the horizontal and parallel bars and tumbling and the forming of grotesque figures by Senior and Junior members of the organization

#### PROGRAM.

Overture, "Salutation" .....Koehlor  
College Orchestra.  
Exercise on Horizontal Bar.....Class  
Song, "Can't Change It Now". P. Muehlmann  
Wand Drill .....Minims of Class  
Grand March—Piano .....James C. Belsan  
Exercise on Horse .....Class  
Dumb-bell Drill .....Juniors of Class  
"Among the Roses" characteristic Piece...  
.....Wilson  
College Orchestra.  
Interludes.....Members of Class  
Song, "Afterwards".....Philip J. Maher

Exercise on Parallel Bars...Seniors of Class  
Piano "Con Amore" .....Beaumont  
Charles E. Byrne.  
Tumblers Parade .....Class  
Fancy Club Drill.....  
Mr. J. F. Rogers, Phys. Instr. at College.  
Acrobatic Work .....Class  
March.....O. E. Sutton  
College Orchestra.

#### MEMBERS OF GYMNASTIC TROUPE.

John K. Moore, David J. Guthrie. Clarence E. Mercer, Edward A. White, Leo A. Kennedy, George F. Carroll, Thomas M. Anderson, Arthur D. Spillard, Miles J. Devine, Jr., John J. O'Brien, William E. O'Neil, John P. Seger, Daniel N. Lilly, Woeber W. Smith, Thomas A. Kelly, William J. Scott, Sidney F. Blanc, George C. Quirk, Harry J. Crowley, William T. Kelly, Thomas C. Sheely, James J. Sullivan, John J. Gearin, Charles C. Fowler, Joseph M. Reece, James P. Hughes, John M. Guest, Ignatius P. Doyle, Thomas F. Burns, Edgar C. Banks, William J. Walsh, John P. Howard, Thomas S. Fitzgerald, Harry M. Thometz, Thomas J. O'Meara, Robert E. Eisendrath.

In a review of the past we have much to congratulate ourselves upon. The football season was in many respects the best in the history of the College. Interest at present centers upon the baseball team. It looks as though we shall have a winning nine. Thirty-five candidates have reported for practice, and when the sitting comes there seems to be no cause to fear that we shall have two very good teams. The Athletic Board, in view of the prospects for a very good second team, has voted it last year's uniforms. New suits of maroon and grey have been ordered for the College nine and will be worn in the initial game with English High, April 13. Manager Edgar Cook has not yet entirely completed his schedule. The schedule arranged up to date is as follows:

April 13th—English High.

April 17th—Chicago Manual Training School.

April 20th—Chicago College of Dental Surgery.

April 24th—St. Vincent's College.

April 27th—Rush.

May 2d—St. Vincent's College at St. Vincent's.

May 4th—Armour Institute.

May 11th—Lewis Institute.

May 16th—Morgan Park Academy at Morgan Park.

May 18th—Marshall Field.

May 25th—South Side Academy.

June 1st—Oak Park Grays.

June 8th—Alumni.

A date has not yet been definitely set for the annual field day. Our track team will be somewhat handicapped by the absence of some of the heroes of last year's contest, but those who ought to know say that our track athletes will acquit themselves creditably with Marquette at the spring meet in Milwaukee.

Daniel N. Lilly, '02.

Edward A. White, '01

## College Notes.

### STUDENTS' RETREAT.

**B**EHOLD, now is the acceptable time; behold, now is the day of salvation." ii Cor.: vii, 2. With a spirit that could only arise from a feeling of the deepest sincerity the students assembled on Monday, March 4, to begin their annual retreat. The knowledge that a retreat is a time of recollection, in which we withdraw from the world, and from our usual daily occupations, to devote more time and particular attention to our soul, seemed to be the sentiment that filled the heart of everyone. Consequently, great fervor and devotion were displayed in the spiritual exercises and the keeping of silence. Rev. Father Gartland conducted the exercises for the Seniors and Father McNulty for the Juniors. It was edifying and encouraging to see 320 students receive Holy Communion in a body, at the conclusion of the Retreat, March 7. The Rev. Fathers who gave the Retreat, as well

as the Faculty of the College, expressed their approval and pronounced the Retreat of 1901 a great success.

Rev. Father Dowling, president of Creighton University, paid the College Orchestra and College Choir a short visit Monday, March 5. Judging by his pleasant smile on leaving, we conclude that he was pleased with the performance of both orchestra and choir.

The students of the higher classes were invited to a rare treat Friday, March 29. Mr. Wm. Onahan gave them a talk on their future life in the world. His remarks were very true and timely and, we are sure, will not be without effect. We thank both Mr. Onahan and Father Cassilly for their kindness.

The Athletic Association elected a manager for the baseball team Friday, March 29, and began preparations for spring practice. During the following night it snowed. Tom tells us brother Clarence sat up all night with an opera glass watching for the passage of the autumnal equinox.

Otherwise (in astronomy class)—Has every heavenly body two poles, Mr. Professor?

Wise (in an undertone)—Certainly, even philosophy class.

One of the features of the present college year was the introduction of Spanish. Since the class was mainly intended as a test, only a limited number of students were admitted. If the class is successful, and from reports received we think it is, the Spanish language will be placed in the curriculum of studies.

The philosophy quartette is rehearsing a new song, written by one of "their own," and entitled, "Wise, Otherwise and Likewise."

In presenting the congratulations of the students to His Honor, Mayor Harrison, on his re-election, Mr. Clarence Mercer, '01, gave him a beautiful alligator, which was brought from the Florida swamps by Edward Sheehan.

Matthias H. Bisdorf, '01.

Thomas H. Mercer, '01.



**ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE**

West Twelfth Street

**CHICAGO**

## MY PONY.

When learned men in thee,  
My friend! temptation see  
They know thee not as we;  
My Pony.

They don't remember how  
They once were glad to bow  
To thee, as we do now,  
My Pony.

A fiend thou art, they say,  
Such wicked pranks to play.  
Or fall right in our way,  
My Pony.

But though they rail at thee  
Our friendship still shall be  
Most intimate and free,  
My Pony.

I con thee o'er and o'er;  
A little hour—or more—  
Dip deep in classic lore,  
My Pony.

And at the stroke of nine  
I'm through with every line,  
O little friend of mine,  
My Pony.

W. A. K.

## Alumni Notes.

THE Alumni Association is thriving, the members taking great interest in its success. Three very good meetings have taken place during the current year, and a fourth is being planned for May. At the first meeting in October, Mr. Jacob Mehren, the president, gave a very interesting lecture on the Passion Play, illustrating it with numerous lantern slides. The weather was very inclement, but Mr. Mehren drew a good crowd. The sixth annual banquet, held at St. Ignatius College, was most enjoyable. The set speeches on this occasion were given by the Rev. Bernard Murray, Hon. Edw. Dunne, Messrs. Wm. Brown and Arnold McMahon. The annual election took place in January, and the names of the officers elected will appear in the College Catalogue.

The redoubtable John Alex. Dowie is after the blood of the Hon. Francis E. Donoghue, Class of Poetry, 1890. He calls Mr. Donoghue a Jesuit novice, and says that he is the tool of the Black Pope and the whole Jesuit order, who are endeavoring to compass the downfall of Zion, and incidentally the ruin of the General Overseer.

The Rev. Boniface Seng, O. S. B., who was a student in the session '80-'81, is now Vice-President and Rector of St. Bernard's College, Alabama. He remembers fondly his college days at St. Ignatius, and writes that

he keeps his good conduct cards as a pleasant memorial of them.

By the time this appears in print, the voters of Chicago will have decided whether Hon. Carter H. Harrison, '81, is to serve a third consecutive term as mayor of Chicago.

Mr. Franklin Stanley, for several years teacher of stenography and commercial branches, is now filling a similar position in the St. Louis University.

Dr. Chas. Rowan, '95, is now repairing the damage done by Filipino bullets to American soldiers in the Philippines.

Hon. Edw. Winslow, '87, U. S. Consul-General to Sweden, gave the boys an interesting talk on October 31st.

Hon. Nicholas R. Finn, '88, is making a good record in the City Council.

Hon. John E. Doyle is serving his first term in the Illinois Legislature.

A. L. Morrison, Jr., is U. S. District Attorney at Prescott, Ariz.

John J. Mahoney, B. S., '99, after a year spent in Idaho, where he had many thrilling experiences, is now showing the Georgetown law students how a Chicago man can debate.

Walter F. Daly, formerly student and professor at St. Ignatius, is now chief clerk in the U. S. A. Subsistence Department at Denver.



## From the City of the Cardinal.

St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, March, 1901.  
Dear Mr. Editor:

**A**LTHOUGH the Jesuit colleges of New York, Holy Cross, Fordham, Georgetown, Washington, Baltimore, Cleveland and Detroit are represented here at the Seminary, not one of them can compare with St. Ignatius College of Chicago in the number of its delegates. The following students who, at one time or another graced the S. I. C. register, are now pursuing their studies here:

Theologians: Rev. Wm. J. O'Shea and Rev. Francis P. Murphy, third year; Wm. I. McKean, Jas. M. Doran, Edw. A. Kowalewski, J. Malley, Peter H. Pyterek, Jas. M. Leddy and Philip P. Furlong, second year; Henry Sheridan, Edw. F. Hoban and J. Kelly, first year.

Philosophers: P. J. Burke, Jos. T. O'Donnell, Michael J. Morrissey and Bernard E. Naughton, second year; Bernard D. Rogers and Jno. A. Jones, first year.

This is truly quite a wealthy contribution of names and talent from a college the farthest distant from this seat of learning.

The transition from college to seminary training is sudden in more ways than one. It not only means a new and more sober manner of life, but for many it also necessitates the severing from all old associates. Consequently, in the beginning the prospect is not always clear and bright. However, owing to the good-fellowship characteristic of Jesuit students, the Chicago boys are ushered into seminary life so pleasantly that they almost think it a continuation of their college career. The old students are always on hand to meet the new arrivals and tender them a hearty welcome. With genuine tact they direct their attention into happy channels, such as old college experiences, and the like, in order to fortify them against an attack of the blues, an affection to which all boarding-school men—even seminarians—are subject. Under such trusty guidance the new comers are very alert in learning the ropes, and it is not long until they have been thor-

oughly initiated into the ins and outs of their calling.

Thus the S. I. C. boys have not much to contend with in entering seminary life. But then, after all, it is not very hard for any one. Of course, we have all the spiritual exercises from meditation to night-prayer, proper to a religious community, so our spiritual training is well attended to. Our course of studies consists of three lectures a day for five days a week and one lecture on Sunday. The Jesuit boys have ever held an unquestioned high standing at the seminary, and we are delighted to be able to say that a very competent corps of professors preside here. All the Chicago boys succeed very well in their studies, and in this regard the authorities are highly pleased with them.

Let no one think, though, that it is all work and no play. Boys fresh from college cannot forget in a moment the many endearing pastimes of the old familiar campus, and consequently they take to them anew at the seminary. Base-ball, hand-ball and tennis are the popular outdoor sports; while billiards, pool and chess hold sway indoors when the weather is inclement and forbidding. Three years ago some S. I. C. boys introduced the game of indoor base-ball and it immediately sprung into general favor, and has ever since remained the foremost diversion. The Chicago boys had a team considered invincible, but since the elevation of several of its members to the priesthood—three of whom, Revs. O'Shea, Clancy and Farrell, are old St. Ignatius students—it has been somewhat weakened. At present all interest centers on the candidates for the first base-ball team during the coming season. Jas. M. Leddy, who had a year's experience as coach at the college, and who during that time picked up many valuable points on the science of the game, has all the Chicago talent in training, and he is confident that at least five of the coveted positions will fall to the lot of former S. I. C. men. We all trust that his hope will be realized.

With best wishes from all the old boys,  
Phil. P. Furlong, '98.



## HAIL.

**T**HERE are two kinds of hail. One consists of small, fine grains, like shot, which often fall in winter but rarely in summer, and generally precede snow. This kind is caused by the freezing of raindrops as they pass in their fall through a colder region of air than that from which they started. It is known that different layers of atmosphere often have different temperatures; a layer far under freezing point often being between two others comparatively warm.

The other kind, which is regarded as true hail, is formed mainly by the meeting of two nearly opposite currents of air—one hot and saturated with vapor, the other very cold. Hailstorms are generally of no great breadth, though they may be of considerable length. They occur in the greatest perfection in the warmest season, and at the warmest period of the day, and generally are most severe in the tropical climates. A fall of hail often precedes, sometimes accompanies, and rarely if ever, follows a thunder storm.

While the hail-stones are falling through the atmosphere in different directions, they

strike each other, sometimes with great force, producing the rattling sound which almost invariably precedes a hail-shower. At the same time they are frozen together as they strike, and thus hail-stones of different sizes are produced. On examining such hail-stones, which may have any size from a pea to that of a walnut or even an orange, we at once recognize their composite character. Hail-stones are reported to have fallen in tropical countries as large as sheep, but it is probable that these were produced by the freezing together of a series of large stones, which had successively fallen in the same spot.

In 1851 hail-stones fell in New Hampshire weighing 18 ounces and four inches in diameter. A few years ago hail-stones weighing a pound fell in Pittsburg. And hail-stones weighing half a pound have repeatedly fallen in different parts of the United States.

In 1860 a hail storm occurred off the Cape of Good Hope in which hail-stones as large as half a brick fell on an English ship, seriously injuring some of the sailors.

William Kelly,  
Fourth Commercial.







St. Ignatius  
Collegian

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1901

St. Ignatius College

Chicago



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# St. Ignatius Collegian

CHICAGO

CHRISTMAS, 1901

ILLINOIS

## Chant Royal

Sweet Peace Shall Come to  
Hearts Oppressed with Pain.



Martin J. McEvoy, '02

Listen to the winds, as scurrying madly by,  
And murmuring wierdly through the leafless trees,  
They whirl the gleaming snow in drifts on high,  
And tiny shrubs with ruthless fingers seize,  
Till a quivering sigh and a sob and a whispered moan,  
In a minor note of sorrow softer grown,  
Floats mournful through the bleak and lonely night,  
And fades away in stealthy timid flight:  
Yet out upon the dreary desert plain.  
This message rings, like fairy music light:  
"Sweet peace shall come to hearts oppressed with pain."

O, hearken to the sea-waves thunderous cry,  
As breaking o'er the rocks the spray-mists freeze,  
While darkly send the clouds across the sky,  
And woful sounds are sobbing on the breeze,  
Like the prayer of souls in suffering, who atone  
For sinful deeds they now would fain disown;  
While sea gulls skim in noisy shrill delight,  
Their snowy breasts dip 'neath the billows white;  
While ships are tossing on the raging main,  
The sailors hear above the storm's despite:  
"Sweet peace shall come to hearts oppressed with pain."

O, dirge of winds and waves that doleful sigh,  
As though fair Nature's heart were ill at ease,  
The music sad seems but to vivify  
The mystic force of heaven's strange decrees.  
Now mournful, now thy threats are rudely blown,  
And now thy voice sinks to a dismal groan,  
Now startled shrieks, in tremulous affright  
As though some heart were pierced. What pangs excite,  
What pains torment thee, speak, what bitter bane?  
For even now there sounds as from a height:  
"Sweet peace shall come to hearts oppressed with pain."

As fade these scenes away from fancy's eye,  
Far sweeter, brighter visions come to please,  
Far softer zepthers seem to whisper nigh,  
And tranquil ebb and flow the murmuring seas;  
The silvery moon in radiance never shone  
With half so fair a light on earthly zone;  
And cloudless skies, with twinkling stars bedight,  
Ne'er looked upon more witching lovely night;  
And who may scoffing speak in high disdain  
Of the voice, whose cheering words fond hope invite;  
"Sweet peace shall come to hearts oppressed with pain."

For lo, this night a beacon-star beams high,  
And skulking sin away in terror flees,  
While angels bright with music glorify  
The Prince, whose birth His anger will appease,  
Who sits majestic on His cloud-built throne.  
Ah, far adown He sees the stable lone,  
Sees that lorn Infant in Its lowly plight  
Sees o'er It bent, her eyes all beaming bright,  
The Virgin Mother. And lo, this soft refrain,  
That first reechoed on that sacred night:  
"Sweet peace shall come to hearts oppressed with pain."

#### ENVOY.

O, gentle Prince before Thee we unite  
With angel bands in rapturous delight,  
To sing Thy glory, sing Thy holy reign.  
Ah, may we hear when Death's fell blow shall smite:  
"Sweet peace shall come to hearts oppressed with pain."

### The Daybreak of Hope.

In our darkness we find comfort,  
In our loneliness some joy,  
When Hope like the moon arises  
Night's terrors to destroy.

The ghostly forms that haunt us  
Before its light give way;  
And the unseen cannot hurt us,  
At the dawning of the day.

There are empty homes in our land,  
There are full ships on the sea,  
And fathers and mothers awaiting  
Their dear sons patiently.

Their eyes are on the ocean,  
And they cannot turn away.  
How sweet will be the meeting,  
At the dawning of the day!

—Edward J. Farrell, '04.

## Phonetic Spelling.

THE present age, speaking generally, is not one of intellectual profundity. The majority of mankind have only a superficial education, and of these by far the greater part incline toward utilitarian knowledge. People desire, not that which is beautiful, but that which is useful, and they are continually suppressing all that will cultivate beauty, and advocating whatever is most useful. In their haste, they often, through lack of insight, choose what seems a more useful method, but what really is not.

One of these, so-called, useful methods is phonetic spelling. Some people cry, "spell the word as it sounds." But right here I would ask, how does it sound? Where did it get that sound by which they would have it spelled? Take, for instance, the word "cause." The advocates of phonetic spelling might say we ought to spell it k-a-w-z, as it sounds. But they, very conveniently, forget it sounds thus because it is, in the original Latin language c-a-u-s-a. They would take the accidental sound of a word, and reject the essential word itself.

We shall not consider here, that this manner of spelling destroys the beauty of language, but we will disprove that it assists the usefulness of language, and its proper spelling. Would it be easier to change the entire spelling of a language as it has existed for over a century, and to substitute a method of spelling never used during all the centuries, than to keep words as they are, to spell them properly, and thus preserve the intrinsic value of the words themselves? Phonetic spellers say, "is not c-a-u-s-e k-a-w-z?" "Pshaw!"—as our reverend professor of philosophy used to say, "is not an act of the mind a wheelbarrow?" No! c-a-u-s-e is c-a-u-s-e and nothing else.

Suppose all the English-speaking people of America, England, Canada, and Australia, who are now united by a common written language, were to spell by sound, which sounds would they take? Some might say a word sounded in one way, and would spell it accordingly; others would say it sounded an-

other way, and would spell it in a different manner. The confusion that would result is evident. Should we make rules for phonetic spelling, we would still have the labor of learning spelling without its recompense. If we did not we would have endless confusion and ambiguity.

Foreigners tell us our language can be learned only with exceeding difficulty, and this, when they have the assistance of derivations evident in the spelling of words. The difficulty would be well nigh invincible, if we were to change words and spell to suit our own sweet will.

We must own, to our disgrace, that with the tendency to suppress classics, and to allow inexperienced students to choose their own studies, the modern graduates are becoming more and more superficial, are gradually losing that keen power of discrimination which characterizes the thorough student, are becoming mere "surface-thinkers." All this is owing to the loose freedom of many present systems of education. Shall we still further this dissolution by allowing students and graduates to spell as they please? Shall we do away with the careful, painstaking discipline of learning correct spelling which lays the foundation for application, and concentration in afterlife and substitute a method which will make pupils neglectful and loose-minded? By all that is most wise, no! A thousand times no! But phonetic spelling would inevitably do this.

To illustrate how phonetic spelling would appear, we quote the following from the pen of John M. Mott: "If Mr. Johnson and udhur frends ov spelng reform, wil join dhi Chicago Branch ov dhi Speling Riform Assosiashun dhi fonetic alfabet wil be givn publisiti thru a sceeme dhat iz practical, and dhi spelng riform muvment wil soon be recognized bai dhi pres as won fact bai dhi best scholarship ov America and Inggland."

Thomas M. Anderson, '02.



## The Wonderful Spectacles.

O H! grandpa, will you please tell us a story, just one?" were the words which almost simultaneously burst from the lips of six little tots, who had come to their grandma's to spend the Christmas. Grandpa sat musing for a few moments, as he replaced his old steel-rimmed glasses in their case. Then suddenly a smile flitted across his aged countenance and he said: "What would you like to have, a fairy story or would you like to hear about a wonderful pair of spectacles that once existed?"

"O, tell us about the spectacles," exclaimed Archie, who intended to act as spokesman for his more thoughtful little cousins and sisters.

"Well, my children," began the old gentleman, "in a small town of France, not far from the great city of Paris, there once lived a beautiful little orphan girl, who stayed with her aunt, a rich but very unkind lady, who never did much for her poor little niece, Madeline, which was the little girl's name, seldom ever got anything from Santa Claus and one Christmas eve, as she went to bed, she was wondering if she would get anything in her stocking, which she never failed to hang up over the blazing hearth. Poor Madeline was doomed to enjoy but little sleep and she lay there on her bed, thinking of the nice things other children get and of her poor, empty stocking, when she saw the two bright little eyes of a brownie peering at her through the dim light of the pale moon, as it streamed through her window. She was frightened very much and pulling her blanket over her small, curly head, kept watching the brownie from under the edge of her covers. She had been peeping at him in this manner for some time, when he approached her and laughing silently in his own funny way, said in a soft, gentle voice, which completely removed Madeline's misgivings: 'Fear not, my little lady, I will not harm you at all, so do not scream or make any noise. I am one of Santa Claus' brownies and in passing over your house, I fell down this chimney and got lost. I do not know which way to turn and cannot find my way out. Now, my fairy princess, if you will help me to escape from this prison I will give you

a priceless present, the most wonderful pair of spectacles ever made. Through them you will be able to see the fairyland and the home of the brownies.' Madeline, who had listened to all this in amazement and an ecstasy of joy, promised to do as he bade. Quickly slipping out of her snug bed, she took the little fellow by the hand and, feeling her way through the darkness, finally reached the big front door, and, opening it noiselessly, let him out. With a bound and a skip, like the leap of a frightened stag, he was out upon the white mantle of snow, which wrapped the earth in its fleecy fold, and after a few frisks and gambols, disappeared in the darkness. Madeline silently crept back to her room and, jumping into her little bed, was soon in the land of dreams, fast asleep.

"Next morning bright and early, before the little snow birds had commenced their morning chirpings, Madeline was up like a lark, and what was her delight and surprise to find the mantel and floor heaped with beautiful Christmas presents. 'Oh, how good Santa Claus was to me,' thought Madeline. As she stood there contemplating everything, her gaze suddenly rested upon a small gold and red plush box, which lay on the center of the mantel, and seemed to outshine the rest in its dazzling splendor. Reaching up she took it down and carefully laying it on her bed, opened it. You can imagine her surprise, when, on opening it, she found lying on a small cushion of silk an odd-looking old pair of spectacles, with large, steel rims and fine, thin glasses, covered with what to Madeline looked like a cobweb. 'Ah, these are the wonderful spectacles the little brownie promised me,' said Madeline, as she carefully replaced them. 'I shall put them away and let no one see them, but after breakfast I shall go out and use them myself.

"After she had taken her morning meal, donned her little fur cap and, carefully concealed her precious case in her pocket, she merrily skipped off. It was a beautiful day and the clear sunbeams glistened on the pure white ground. After walking some time, she sat down on a stoop and, taking out her box,

she placed the precious glasses on her little nose. She nearly screamed with joy and delight at the sight that greeted her eyes. Far off in a distant land covered with lovely gardens, groves and fields, she saw the home of the fairies and the land of brownies. There she saw the little elves sporting among the trees or frisking in the cool waters of the myriads of lakes that dotted this wonderful region. Here and there the blithe little fairies could be seen playing among the diminutive trees or chasing the numberless small white and yellow butterflies, which flitted here and there like the swallows on the sea shore. Madeline was overjoyed and imagined herself transported to this lovely land, when, alas, a

couple of big snow flakes, fluttering from the clouds on high fell upon her glasses, and the fine cobweb covering melted off. The fairy-land, with its pretty elves and funny little brownies disappeared and Madeline saw nothing but the snow-covered area before her. A heavy snow storm had begun, and Madeline retraced her steps homeward, but ever treasured the wonderful spectacles."

Thus ended grandpa's story, and farther enjoyment was cut short by the entrance of grandmā, who invited all to supper. Led by grandpa they marched in to the dining-room, where, with regret, we shall leave them.

Vincent J. McDonnell, '03.

### Freedom of the Press.

ONE hundred and twenty-five years ago, Benjamin Franklin predicted that the press was destined to become the mightiest factor of American life. It seems that the present generation has witnessed the fulfillment of his prophecy; for, in proportion to the advancement of education and the extension of our trade and commerce, the press has grown in range and influence, until now its power is well nigh irresistible. It has indeed become the most immediate and unmistakable exponent of the public mind.

This remarkable growth of the American press, due to the almost absolute freedom, which it has enjoyed under our government, has, however, been accompanied by a tendency toward license and licentiousness. And thus by thoughtful, well-meaning men, the question is frequently asked, "Is the press at present abusing its freedom to such an extent that public morals and good government call for the institution of legal safeguards, as a protection against its redundant vigor?" Let us consider the question.

The true business of the newspaper is to give its readers a fair, impartial, intelligent and accurate account of such facts and proceedings as are worthy of publicity. If, then, the press knew its business half as well as it claims to know the business of other institutions, we would be justified in hailing it as a

powerful moral factor, because the dissemination of clean and healthy news promotes social intercourse and happiness, and enables each man to profit by the noble thoughts and actions of others. But when a newspaper makes, or colors and falsifies information, then the advantages of publicity are to a great extent lost in the mischievous and demoralizing effects produced. When it supports for office men of no ability or character, and attempts to decide questions of import by appealing merely to party and religious prejudices, then it becomes an enemy to society and good government.

Now, that there are thousands of such journals in the United States at present is beyond a question of doubt. And that their readers comprise a goodly proportion of our population is evident from the large circulations, which many of these papers have attained. The great object of this yellow variety of journal is not to spread worthy information, but to make itself a financial success. It perceives in the public mind a love for mental ease and a leaning toward sentimentality, and depends upon them for its existence. It appeals to them, gives them fuel, makes them stronger and stronger. And how? Notice in the yellow journal the relative proportion of news, good and bad. It depicts murders and executions in the most glowing language.

It evolves every detail of divorce scandals in a way that will satisfy the most morbid curiosity. And, as a rule, places in the background sober information, requiring thought and concentration of mind. He, who habituates himself to the perusal of these scandals and vulgarities, soon loses whatever liking he may have had for serious thought and study; and since man will be like the company he keeps, he is likely to prove himself an unworthy or dangerous citizen of our republic.

We see therefore that the freedom of the American press is being abused. Now comes the question as to whether that freedom should be curtailed by the government.

In many European countries, notably in France and Austria, the press has been subjected to a rigid government censorship; but it is questionable whether this censorship has on the whole been productive of any good results. In France, for instance, the Catholic conservative journals complain of a struggling existence, while it is a notorious fact that the sensational newspaper is enjoying much prosperity. In all these countries the censorship is a political job and there is a strong probability that we would have a repe-

tition of this state of affairs in case a press censorship were established in America. For even in this free, liberty-loving land politicians are not noted for their power of moral discernment or an abundance of good will in sifting the wheat from the tares. Until, therefore, politicians cease to be made of a rather inferior kind of clay, or, at least, until they rid themselves of some of the most striking weaknesses characterizing that substance, a press censorship sufficient to prevent the dissemination of scandalous, sensational and immoral newspapers will be impracticable, yea, unsafe, since it is apt quite as often to become an instrument of injustice as a defence and support of righteousness.

The honest, high-minded journal cannot be too much lauded. The other species, however, will probably continue its evil course till the people learn to avoid it as they would the leper or the madman. When they will realize the dangers of a perverted press and demand sound, clean journalism, it will be provided them; when they refuse to support the unprincipled paper, it will die of starvation.

C. F. Conley, '04.

## An Imprisoned Soul.

**C**O be deaf and dumb and also blind is certainly a dreadful trial; one which, to the infidel, must be unbearable, but to the Christian, cheered by faith and hope, one which he suffers with patience, knowing that "celestial benedictions often assume this dark disguise."

A few years ago, while visiting in Wisconsin, Father Trainer, a dear friend of mine, who for many years had been chaplain of a Catholic institution for the deaf and dumb, took me to visit a family by the name of Worthington. I saw there, sitting in a rocking chair on the veranda, a boy of about sixteen years of age, who was looking out, as I supposed upon the grand and glorious clouds that crowned the western horizon, and enjoying the beautiful landscape before him.

In the far off distance could be seen the forest-crowned hills that sloped with a gentle

incline to the still and placid waters of a lake. Between the house and the lake was a beautiful flower garden, rich in its multi-colored summer blossoms, and the air was balmy with the scent of roses. Birds chirped merrily in the thickets and the busy butterflies seemed proud of the beauty with which nature has clothed them.

The scene was beautiful. But, ah, the poor boy on the veranda was blind, as I learned from Father Trainer. He could not enjoy any of those beauties which so charmed my senses. The beauties of this world were not manifest to his sightless orbs, nor were the melodies of birds and the sweet tones of a friendly voice audible to his ears.

"The poor boy," said Father Trainer, "is deaf, dumb and blind. He was born in the city of New York of very poor parents, who made many a noble sacrifice in trying to have

him cured. He was born deaf, and at the age of seven, the additional affliction of blindness came upon him as the after effects of a severe attack of scarlet fever. The only companion of his younger days was his only sister, who was about four years older than himself. Her sweet, sympathetic love for him has left an indelible impression on his mind. He loves to speak of her as his guardian angel, though each time he does so, tears glisten in his sightless eyes. But this dear sister was not destined long for this world and died when she was but seventeen. I think the poor boy felt her loss more than the loss of his eyesight. His father and mother are also dead. Being an orphan and friendless, he was adopted by the Worthingtons, who, desirous of giving him an education suited to his conditions, made application for that purpose to several State institutions for the deaf. But none of those institutions would undertake the task of teaching him, since he was not only deaf and dumb, but also blind.

A Sister of Charity hearing of the pitiable conditions of the poor boy, begged of her superior the privilege of undertaking the arduous task of educating him. Devoting her whole attention to him, she succeeded with much patience in teaching him, not only the sign language of the deaf mutes and the raised prints of the blind, but also stored his mind with a vast amount of information.

I am glad to have been placed in a position where I could learn the mutes' language, for

by its means I hold, as it were, the key to his imprisoned soul, and can cheer him in his solitude that must otherwise seem dreadful. He can understand me by feeling my fingers when I converse with him in the sign language.

Many a pleasant hour I have spent with him. Many a hope and longing expectation of the world to come has he confided to me. It made me feel sad one day when he asked me, "Father, shall I be blind and deaf in heaven?" I told him that in God's kingdom there is no grief or sorrow of any sort, and that, in proportion to his patience on earth, he would enjoy the music of heaven and see the infinite beauty of God. Ever since that time he has been wonderfully patient. He loves to speak of heaven and longs for the time when his imprisoned soul shall be released from its dark and silent prison and emerge into eternal light."

Often have I thought of that poor unfortunate boy and thanked God for the gift of my unimpaired faculties. Often, too, have I admired the Worthingtons, whose charity is in such a striking contrast with that of the generality of mankind. Millions are annually expended in procuring libraries for those who can see, and thousands, in procuring concerts for those who can hear, while few think of bringing help and cheer to imprisoned souls that dwell on earth in perpetual silence or darkness.

Cecil A. FitzGerald,  
Humanities A.

## RONDEL.

### The Return of Christmas.

Along the dim cathedral aisle,  
Sweet Christmas hymns are ebbing, flowing,  
'Neath fretted vault and gilded tile,  
Again are Christmas tapers glowing.

Though fierce the wintry winds are blowing,  
Though unbelievers mock and smile,  
Along the dim cathedral aisle,  
Sweet Christmas hymns are ebbing, flowing.

Though in Time's pageant file on file,  
The lingering years are ever going,  
Winds blow and scoffers still revile,  
In simple hearts sweet joys are growing,  
As 'long the dim cathedral aisle,  
Sweet Christmas hymns are ebbing, flowing.  
—"Ferdinand."



## How Fido Died.

**F**IDO was a fine specimen of an intelligent Newfoundland dog. Mr. White, Jim's father, had bought him when quite a puppy, and he had grown up almost as one of the family.

Jim was about six years old and as far back as he could remember Fido had been his only companion, while with Fido, it was the same way, he having never known any other master but Jim.

For this reason he and Jim were inseparable comrades; they would roam all day in the woods near the house and at night would sleep in the same room together.

Jim was very small for his age, while Fido was very large and strong, so that if Jim got tired when they were out on one of their rambles Fido would lie down and, when Jim had clambered upon his back, would trot home very contentedly; but though he would allow Jim to ride on his back, he would allow no one else, and, if they persisted in trying, he would do all sorts of things to get them off.

It was Christmas eve, and all was quiet within and without; a deep snow had been falling for the last few days and the ground was covered very deeply with that hoary substance that was the cause of much delight to all the children, especially to Jim. He had been pulled about all day on his sled by Fido, who enjoyed the snow almost as much as Jim.

Jim, with the aid of several old shoe and soap boxes, played he was Santa Claus, distributing them at different fence-posts, which he played were good little children, until, after having taken back and distributed them time and time again, he grew tired of this new play and started for home to tell his mother his experiences.

After a hearty supper Jim said he would like to go to bed early, and Fido seconded this with a stretching of his legs and a deep yawn, as both were very tired from the sports of the day.

As I have said Fido always slept in the same room with Jim, who on other occasions immediately dropped to sleep, but this night

Jim, though very sleepy, tried to remain awake a long time to see where the Christmas presents came from. It was his plan to remain awake as long as he could and then to tell Fido to watch, for he knew that if any one entered the room at night he would immediately jump upon his bed, not for fright, by any means, but to protect his young master. This Jim knew would be sufficient to awaken him.

He remained awake but a short time, when he dropped to sleep so suddenly that he forgot to give his commands to Fido, who was sleeping soundly.

When Jim had been asleep about three hours Fido awoke and started to walk around the room to see whether all was right, when a slight noise at one of the windows attracted his attention; he turned just in time to see three dark forms run from the window and stop in the shade of some trees, where they seemed to be talking very earnestly.

Fido no sooner heard the noise than he gave utterance to a loud bark and jumped upon the bed. Jim was suddenly awakened by this bark and Fido, seeing that he was awake, jumped down and running across the room began to leap frantically at the window.

There was a queer sound outside the window, and Jim, who thought it was Santa Claus, said, "Come, Fido; come, Fido; it is Santa, I bet." Just then the window was broken in with a crash; there was a glare of light, and Jim saw Fido leap out of the window. There was a dull thud and then Jim heard the fierce barking of Fido dying away in the distance. He was evidently pursuing the rogue, who had attracted his attention first, and then broken in the window.

Suddenly a fierce-looking form stood before Jim, and before he knew what had happened, he was forced back upon his pillow and felt the grip of iron-like fingers tightening around his little throat. Jim gave a terrible shriek and fell back upon his bed in a swoon.

Next morning he found himself in the home of his aunt, who told him that Fido

had died in trying to save him. This is how it happened:

Three burglars, hoping to secure a large amount of money in Mr. White's house that night, planned to enter the house through Jim's window, and in breaking the window aroused both Jim and Fido. Just as the first burglar thrust his lantern through the window, Fido leaped out and threw the forward robber to the ground. This fellow succeeded, however, in making his escape to the nearest tree, thus placing himself beyond the reach of Fido, who was chasing him.

After a few moments the second burglar entered the room and was just in the act of choking little Jim when faithful Fido came back, just in time to prevent any serious damage.

He leaped at the man and catching him by the throat, would probably have killed him had not the third burglar, who had just then entered the room, shot and instantly killed poor Fido.

By this time all the inmates of the house had been aroused by the shouting, barking and shooting and the third burglar, helping his wounded mate through the window, fled.

Jim never forgets that Christmas, for with all the presents he received the loss of Fido caused him many hours of bitter weeping, and although the robbers were brought to justice, Fido was no more.

Gilbert G. Buhmann,

Second Special A.

## Athletics in Colleges.

THE reports which are now and then communicated to the public concerning athletics in colleges, urge us to ask, whither are college sports tending? It seems clear to many, who interest themselves in the question, that there is a growing tendency to enthrone athletics in our colleges; and what is coyly spoken of as the "higher studies" is a just used to soften a rather unpleasant truth.

There are institutions of learning, where athletics, for some, are the principal study, or at least where the student is so absorbed in sports, that little or no attention is given to mental training. Can there be any sound reason for this? The aim of college sport in general should be to develop or to preserve health, and interest in study. Health is often endangered during college days both by the confinement and the mental strain. If the body remains inactive, while the mind is absorbed in study that requires close thought, both the physical and mental condition of the student soon become impaired. After a short time, the body will no longer be able to support the mind, in its pursuit of knowledge, and the mind itself, if left to dwell continually upon that which is the object of its study, loses its vigor and becomes less fit for application.

College sports then have these two necessary means to supply: first, they must keep the body in good condition physically; secondly, they must afford relaxation of mind. They must divert the mind from the subjects of its study to others that do not require such great mental effort. But the utility of these sports is not to be confined to what we have called necessary means; they are also beneficial in many other ways. Many, if indeed not all of them, give a certain amount of culture. They give courage, patience, self-possession and other such qualities as become an educated man.

Since, then, the object of athletics is the preservation of health and relaxation of mind, it is evident that their position in an institution of learning should be subordinate. They are auxiliaries or means used to attain the end of such an institution.

When they overstep this position, they defeat the purpose of the institution, and the name—College—is only a mask to conceal its real object.

The danger, then, in the present tendency is that athletics by force of enthusiasm become a check on mental development, instead of being confined to their proper position, a means to an end. It is well to bear in mind that the aim of a college is the development

and training of the mental faculties. Everything connected with the college work should assist in this development directly or indirectly. Study develops the mind directly; college sports assist indirectly in this development, and each should receive the encouragement that is due it.

The young, though they require much encouragement to make mental efforts, require little to make physical efforts, when there is in them an opportunity for fun. If, then, there is added to the natural impetus these have an artificial one to develop the body, odds are placed against mental effort just in proportion to the encouragement that is given to physical development.

Athletics, like all good things, are sometimes abused. Some colleges increase their number of students by giving free tuition to young men for athletic ability. This in itself is not an abuse; but the indifference, with which the intellectual progress of these young men is treated, makes it an abuse. Not only the negligence of those who receive free tuition, but also the failure in study of the other athletes is frequently overlooked. They are allowed to give more of their time to sports than can profitably be spared from study.

The results that follow the abuse of athletics are sometimes deplorable. The young men receive little or none of that mental training which they are supposed to have received. They are unfitted for reflection, and become day-dreamers of the first order. They have an unnatural craving for the abnormal stimulant of excitement and public applause, and when they can no longer receive this stimulant, they seek others that are questionable to a degree. The public as well as the students themselves seeing, too late, this misguided training and its evil results, become suspicious of the benefits claimed for education.

These abuses can be prevented by discretion on the part of the college authorities. They should encourage sports on the principle "*mens sana in corpore sano*," and should restrain their students from abusing that principle. We will then have strong men, and men of action, but with intelligence behind their strength and activity, well trained by reflection, well directed amidst the impulses of energy and enthusiasm, to make them athletes in body as well as in mind.

Thomas R. Collins, '02.

## The Midnight Mass of the Monks.

IT was Christmas eve. I had just come from work and was wending my way toward the ivy-clad church of "Santa Maria," to which I always paid a visit shortly after vespers. It was dusk and the only light in the sacred edifice was a red ray cast by the sanctuary lamp. I knelt down in one of the old-fashioned pews and began to say my prayers. The organist was practicing for the high mass on the morrow, and, as the low strains fell upon my ear I laid my head on my arms and listened. Gradually the notes became less and less distinct and—I was fast asleep.

I awoke with a shiver and just in time to hear a clock in a neighboring steeple strike the half hour. "Half-past what?" thought I, and arising I went to the door to go out, but, alas, it was locked. In vain I pulled and

tugged, and my respect for the House of God prevented me from calling aloud. The windows were high from the ground and securely barred.

Seeing that there was no hope of escape, I again knelt down and began saying my beads. The moon had arisen and the church was flooded with its pale light. It fell on the memorial tablets in the walls, and upon the Sistine Madonna over the high altar. The calm and smiling face reassured me, and I arose and looked out of a small window near the confessional. The world, in its mantle of snow, lay bathed in the moon's cold beams. A bird, aroused by the fall of an icicle, fluttered from its nest in momentary fear, and settled back again in sleep.

Suddenly the town clock struck the hour. How eagerly I counted the strokes. Ten!

eleven! twelve! and all was still. But for a moment only. The next instant the low murmur of chanting was heard, accompanied by the organ. All of a sudden the church was ablaze with lights, and I could see the dark forms of many monks, with sandaled feet and cowls drawn over their faces, passing up the center aisle. The priest in his vestments sparkling with jewels and gold was at the altar, and now the joyous strains of the *Adeste* pealed through the church.

All through the High Mass I knelt in rapturous prayer, thinking of that Christmas night many centuries ago when our Lord and God came upon this earth in the form of a little child.

Mass was over, and the monks filed slowly out of the church through an unused door leading to a ruined abbey. The last figure disappeared as the clock struck one, and the lights were suddenly extinguished, leaving me once more in the silvery moonlight.

I felt faint and before I knew it had

swooned. I was aroused by the aged sexton shaking me and inquiring how I had gotten there. I told him my story, and after I had finished, he stood shaking his hoary head as if trying to recall something of the past. Then he said in a quavering voice: "My son, you have been permitted to behold an apparition which few people, if any, have seen. For you must know that upon certain Christmas eves the monks who lived in this monastery over a thousand years ago, come and hear Mass in this church. When I was young I heard my great grandfather tell this legend of the Monks' Christmas Mass. No one knows this story except some very old people, and they have, in all probability forgotten it. But by a special Providence you have been allowed to see it."

Then he left me and I went to my home. Never if I live to be a hundred years old, will I forget "The Midnight Mass of the Monks."

Joseph Leo Scott,  
Third Academic B.

## Thought-Shadows.

**A**S clouds flit across the sky and cast their shadows on the earth, so thoughts are ever drifting across the soul, and the spoken word is but the thought-shadow, wafted here and there and everywhere by the wind of the human will. How fleeting and uncertain are they both. The cloud-shadow can be caught by the painter's brush or the photographer's camera, the thought-shadow by the writer's pen or the printer's press. Thus mused I the other day and resolved to catch the fleeing fancies that chased themselves in variegated waywardness over the welkin of my inner self. Read and be kind.

Oct. 9.—How peaceful is night? What a peace and contentment does the wearied soul find in the stillness and quiet of a night soft and chaste. The moon, a blood-red orb, rises in a cloudless sky. The stars with all their countless number serenely twinkling, shed a soft lustre upon the earth. All nature seems at rest. The very breeze is stilled and the soft murmuring of the stream seems but the

breathing of the slumbering trees. The mind is lost in admiration and all petty trials and troubles are forgotten. The soft light and gentle stillness sooth all irritation and smooth the ruffled brow of care, and the mind tortured by a thousand worries drinks in the delicious repose of the hour.

Oct. 10.—What a queer thing is memory? This storehouse of indiscriminate recollections furnishes food for reflection in all our different moods. In times of joy some pleasing thought of bygone days increases our happiness. When gloominess and depression hang over us the past as well as the present seems filled with sadness. We are happy and our memory is happy with us; we are sad and we see only the gloomy "picture that hangs on memory's wall."

Oct. 11.—What a mystery and magnificence there is in nature. The infinite expanse of the heavens, the countless stars—all moving in majestic harmony, guided and ruled by an unseen hand—the wonders of land and sea and air, all proclaim a guiding providence.



The seasons come and go and with them ebb and flow the tides of life. All nature, down to her lowest forms, betrays the guiding hand of an all-wise and all-powerful ruler. The harmony of it all surpasses understanding. Yet how little do we regard and appreciate the beauty of the universe that surrounds us. We are so accustomed to all her actions that the grandest feats of nature, performed before our eyes, call forth but little admiration.

Oct. 12.—Books, the treasure chest of the ages, what a blessing you are and what a curse! You repositories of truth and learning, what an incalculable benefit you are to humanity; nurturers of vice and wickedness, what evil lies thick upon your pages! What is there not in books? The thoughts and actions of noble men are arrayed in the same garb as are those of base and licentious dreamers. A pitfall or a mine of golden treasure lies beneath every cover. Which of these it is cannot be told till the book is opened and the contents are spread before us. Even then very often the true character of the book is not revealed to the unwary. Too late, alas! may the susceptible reader realize the true value of the book. Too late! His eyes may be already blinded to the fallacies and hidden errors with which the book abounds, and unable to discern what is good and what is bad, the corroding thought may already be gnawing at his heart and undermining the foundations of faith and morality.

Oct. 13.—What a beautiful thing is the snow, fresh fallen from heaven and like an ermine mantle spread over the earth? How ephemeral it is, but how it gladdens the sight while it remains. The dull, dark ground, the leafless trees, the scraggy bushes are clothed in dazzling whiteness. The bleak, bald mountains have become pyramids of the purest marble. All seems spread with crystal finery in anticipation of some royal pageant. The whispering of the breeze in the branches

seems to mark the approach of an unseen procession. The music swells and bouquets of pearly white are showered from all the trees on the passing host. The mystic melody has died, the pageant has passed and the snowy way now trampled and despoiled disappears before the warm rays of the rising sun.

Oct. 14.—Many things, with which we have to contend in everyday life, seem evils to us; but are really means for our further betterment. What seems hardest to bear is often the best for us. We seldom see things in that light, but nevertheless the fact is true. Adversity, of all things, most depresses us for the time and yet does more for us than we generally suppose. It rouses those qualities in us which but for it would lie forever latent. Adversity is the nurse of true greatness. He who can meet it face to face and surmount the difficulties it piles up before him is bound to become great. A man who shrinks from adversity can never meet successfully the exigencies of life. Adversity boldly met and triumphantly overcome breeds a feeling of confidence in the mind which is the surest antidote against disappointment and despair.

Oct. 15.—Of all the virtues that should enhance our every-day life, gratitude is perhaps exercised least. How much have we to be thankful for? Our pleasures, our successes, our advantages? And yet how seldom do we show it! How pleased we are by a show of gratitude for favors we have conferred, and how a seeming ingratitude jars our finer sensibilities! It costs us little to be grateful, but what a happiness it bears with it? Even the man that shows his gratitude feels a positive pleasure in being thankful. It encourages the mind to other good actions, and warms the heart to benevolence. Yet with all this how seldom do we ourselves show our gratitude. We despise the ingrate, and yet how often are we ourselves ungrateful.

John Prendergast, '03.

## DEATH.

The setting sun shall rise again on high,  
When wintry snows lie deep, then Spring is nigh.  
So take ye heart, grim Death is but the tie  
Between this life and that: fear not to die.

—William E. Ryan, '04.



Students of St. Ignatius College in  
"NEAR *the* THRONE."

## HORACE.

### A Character Sketch.

**H**ORACE needed no biographer. In his works he has left us not only specimens of the highest poetical genius, but also a most unique biography. These works paint for us in clear, bold strokes, in colors unmistakable, the true character of their maker. As we peruse them we find them as a general rule expressive of sentiments that do honor to their author. Sincerity and gratitude, honor and patriotism, temperance and fortitude, wisdom and an unquestioning trust in the power of his gods, all these are Horace's in an eminent degree.

We would fain dwell on these qualities at greater length, circumstances, however, limit us to a comparatively brief sketch of a few. We will therefore endeavor briefly to bring out the more salient features of Horace's character, those features that form, as it were, a fair criterion of the man, as being indicative of many other principles in their possessor.

And first of all we must refer to the grateful love of our hero for his friends. Everywhere we find him taking the kindest interest in his benefactors and extolling them to the stars. Speaking of Maecenas he says, for example:

"Should you, alas! be snatched away,  
Wherefore, ah! wherefore should I stay,  
My value lost, no longer whole,  
And but possessing half my soul?  
One day, believe the sacred oath,  
Shall lead the funeral pomp of both;  
With thee to Pluto's dark abode,  
With thee I'll tread the dreary road.  
Nor fell Chimera's breath of fire  
Nor hundred-handed Gyas dire,  
Shall ever tear my friend from me:  
So Justice and the Fates decree."

A constant solicitude for the welfare of Maecenas and Augustus became almost essential to his spiritual well-being; and what food is for the body a knowledge of their good health and fortune was for Horace's happiness. Their pleasure and success was his and their misfortune became for him a source of the greatest pain.

But next to his gratefulness we are most favorably impressed with the thorough ingenuousness and kindness of his temperament in general. It is this more than anything else that forms his principal charm and attracts to him alike the rich and the poor, the young and the old, the student and the scholar. Whether at home or abroad, in mirth or dejection we find him always with us, touching us on so many sides of our common nature. In the very foibles of his character he gains our good will. We see in him one who is thoroughly human like ourselves and yet a noble soul despite his weaknesses.

Horace has been unjustly accused of licentiousness and intemperance by a few inconsiderate critics. We say unjustly, for on this point the majority of Horace's commentators seem now pretty generally agreed that those of his productions that savor of immorality are not original with him, but are merely versions of Grecian originals. The fact that we find objectionable passages in his poems rather reflects upon the degeneracy of the time in which he lived. The exceeding smallness of their number does honor to the man. Horace would serve posterity not only as a poet and an artist, but also as an historian; hence what he saw and heard must all needs go into the picture, pleasant and unpleasant alike.

As for intemperance nothing is more unfounded. Nothing stands out more prominently in the character of Horace than his frugality and abstemiousness, even in prosperity. The following lines sufficiently illustrate this:

"To me nor gold nor ivory lends  
Its shine to fret my ceiling;  
Nor shafts, in farthest Afric hewn,  
Prop architraves Hymettian.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet mine is truth and mine some vein  
Of inborn genius kindly;  
Though poor, I do not court the rich,  
But by the rich am courted.

I do not weary heaven for more;  
I tax not kindly patron;  
Content with all I own on earth,  
Some rural acres Sabine."

We do not forget of course that Horace sometimes entered into free conviviality, and that choice Massic or Caecuban then became for him the climax of earthly felicity:

"When shall we quaff your old Caecubian wine,  
Reserved for pious feasts and joys divine?  
Boy, bring us larger bowls, and fill them round  
With Chian, or the Lesbian vintage crowned,  
Or rich Caecubian, which may best restrain  
All sickening qualms and fortify the brain.  
The inspiring juice shall the gay banquet warm,  
Nor Caesar's danger shall our fears alarm."

But let us remember that Horace was only a pagan, that for him all happiness ended with the grave, and that as a confessed Epicurean he seized the fleeting pleasures as they flew. Listen to him in the following expression of the philosophy of his life:

"In adverse hours an equal mind maintain,  
Nor let your spirit rise too high,  
Though Fortune kindly change the scene—  
Remember, Delli, you were born to die.

\* \* \* \* \*

Where the pale poplar and the pine  
Expel the sun's intemperate beam,  
In hospitable shades their branches twine,  
And winds with toil, though swift the tremulous  
stream.

Here pour your wines, your odors shed.  
Bring forth the rose's short-lived flower,  
While Fate yet spins the mortal thread,  
While youth and Fortune give the indulgent hour.

We all must tread the paths of Fate;  
And ever shakes the mortal urn,  
Whose lot embarks us, soon or late,  
On Charon's boat, ah! never to return.

Moreover the labor and assiduity of Horace are in themselves the best calculated to

destroy an opinion so derogatory to his honor. We know that where licentious desires have once taken root there is no room for the cultivation and pursuit of an art so honorable as Horace's.

Another very interesting feature is his keen insight into human nature. Among many other instances this becomes manifest in the following lines:

"When loud the winds and waters wage  
Wild war with elemental rage,  
The merchant praises the retreat,  
The quiet of his rural seat;  
Yet, want untutored to sustain,  
Soon rigs his shattered bark again."

Was it this clear insight into human nature that caused him to foretell so exactly the immortality of his own name in the beautiful ode to Melpomene, beginning with the words "Exegi monumentum?"

"I have built a monument than bronze more lasting,  
Soaring more high than regal pyramids,

\* \* \* \* \*

I shall not wholly die! From Libitina  
A part, yea, much of mine own self escapes.

Renewing bloom from praise in after ages,  
My growth through time shall be to fresher youth,  
Long as the High Priest, with the Silent Virgin,  
Ascends the sacred Capitol of Rome.

Mine on men's lips shall be a name familiar;  
I of the low-born now become the prince  
Under whose leadership Aeolian music  
First found an empire in Italian song.

Many of the contemporaries of Horace have long since passed into oblivion, but as in the past and the present, so in the future, he will live, an honor to his nation, a benefactor to posterity, ever more and more cherished as one of the shining stars of the golden age of Roman song. Andrew W. Hellgeth, '03.

## LIFE.

We come upon this dreary earth,  
Like snowflakes from the sky;  
And as the snowflakes melt away,  
We live, grow old and die.

—Charles A. McClellan, '03.



## The Hunted Moose.

**T**WAS early in the winter of the year. Far up in the depths of the Adirondacks, the golden sun, slowly nearing the western horizon, proclaimed the approaching close of a glorious day. The first snow had fallen the day previous, and the ground lay covered with a delicate mantle of immaculate whiteness. The placid bosom of the miniature lake, at the summit of the steep, bush-covered side of the mountain, rippled softly as it was kissed by the cool wind and glittered brightly beneath the rays of the declining sun; for it had not, as yet, been seized in the close, icy grip of winter. Here and there on the sloping banks, which wound in and out, making diminutive bays, grew little clumps of bushes; while, across its azure surface, could be seen the large, snow-fringed trees of a magnificent forest—a veritable paradise for the sportsman and the tourist. Altogether, the scene presented was one of perfect tranquillity, well adapted to enrapture the soul of a lover of the picturesque.

The quietude of the place is broken abruptly by an arrival. With his massive head and antlers held proudly erect and with his ever alert ear twitching nervously about, a stately moose comes slowly up the side of the mountain, causing great havoc among the bushes in his path and with majestic stride, moves forward to the edge of the lake. He bends to slake his burning thirst in the crystalline water and to give refreshment to his weary limbs; but the next instant, with remarkable suddenness he raises his great head into the air and stands as rigidly as if carved from stone. He turns quickly and with great deliberation sniffs the air in the direction from which he has just come. For a moment he

stands irresolute; and then, as there breaks upon his frightened ear the distant baying of a hound, far down the mountain, throws himself into the water and strikes out for the shelter of the neighboring forest.

Farther and farther away swims the stag; while nearer and nearer sound the baying of the hounds, hot on the trail, and the crackling of the sapless twigs and bushes. Now the eager brutes gain the summit and rush onward to the lake. A disappointed yelp bursts from their throats, as they realize that they are baffled. And now their guide, panting for breath, appears on the scene and puts them in leash.

The swimming buck arrives at the opposite shore, and, emerging from the chilly water, gives his shaggy hide a hurried shake and starts off at a slow trot across the short space which intervenes between the water's edge and the entrance to the forest. But, alas! that forest the noble animal is destined to enter never more. Just as he is about to cross its margin, there comes from a clump of bushes a short distance to leeward, the angry report of a rifle, and the gallant moose, giving one convulsive plunge forward, falls dead.

The sun has sunk to its repose behind the western hills. A gentleman, with his guide and hounds, joyful in the anticipation of the venison which shall make him a sumptuous feast on the morrow, wends his way gaily homeward to the fire of his cheerful camp. But what a contrast is the scene, far up in the depths of that Adirondack wilderness, where a lonely doe and her fatherless fawn roam sadly all the night.

James F. Rice,  
Humanities B.

## The Story of a Candle.

**T**HAT part of my life which followed my being drawn from the candle-mould, is hardly worth the telling. I was packed away, with eleven of my brothers, into a neat pasteboard box. We all passed a very dull, dark time of waiting there.

But at last, our box was opened, and we were put upon a shelf for sale.

All sorts of persons came into the store and bought my brothers. Finally a nun purchased me. As I was being wrapped up, I looked at the nun, and wondered whether I



could give such a beautiful light as shone from her calm, cheerful face. She carried me a long way, through rain and wind, until she came to a great convent, which she entered. Then she put me into a brass candlestick and set me upon the altar. The candlestick squeezed my feet and hurt me very much at first, but I soon forgot my pain in the joy of being among the fresh flowers again. For you must know, I had lived among the flowers in the woods before the bees carried me away to their hives.

After a few hours, the nun came from the sacristy and lit my brothers and myself. Then the organ played, the priest came, in his robes, the sweet smell of incense filled the place and Benediction began. And I was so mad with joy that I threw my light all around, and flickered and dripped with all my might, until the nun closed the sacristy doors. She

thought there was a draught. After that I kept quiet, and tried to look cheerful and calm, like the nun.

When Benediction was over, the nun put out all the lights. My! how cold and dreary I felt all that night.

But the next evening I was lighted again. This made me so happy that I forgot myself, and blazed up, and tossed my flame about, and dripped more than ever.

After Benediction I was so much burned down that the nun took me out and threw me into a box with a number of other candle-ends. They tell me that we shall all be melted together, and made into long candles again. When this happens I will try to behave, as a serious candle should.

James Howard,  
Third Commercial.

### Our Only Hope.

**T**WAS a beautiful day in the middle of June, just such a one as the poet loves to write about. The students of St. Charles college were in high glee, for they were to play their first game of base-ball.

The boys had been in training for a month or so previous to the "big game," as it was called, and every player was in good condition for the contest.

The Excelsiors, the college nine styled themselves, had elected Frank Driscoll, an honest and straightforward lad, to captain the team.

A few days after the Christmas vacation, John Dundon, a lad of about 18 years, and rather tall for his age, had arrived at the college. He came from a little town in Pennsylvania.

John had a reputation for being a ball player, but had never had an opportunity for showing his skill since his arrival.

He was in one of the special classes, and, wishing to improve himself as much as possible, he had little time for sports, although he liked them very much.

The morning session of school was over, and as the boys had the afternoon off, they

did not hurry to the lunch room and eat their dinners as usual, but walked around the grounds conversing about the prospects of the game.

As the hour hand on the old clock pointed to two, Manager Matt Gilligan and his players marched to the ball field amid the cheers of the students.

Those young fellows, with their suits of purple and white, presented a beautiful sight as they showed their skill handling the 5-inch sphere which every American boy loves so much.

The practice, however, was brought to a close by the arrival of the opposing team. From their uniforms one readily concluded that their colors were maroon and gray. They came accompanied by their manager, Joseph Kendrick.

After a short conversation between Managers Kendrick and Gilligan, the Excelsiors took the field and Umpire Connors called the game.

As Tom Connors entered the pitcher's box a great cheer came from the bleachers and, although John, who was sitting on a side bench, was a fast friend of Tom's, he had a

strong desire to fill this important position.

The game went on smoothly until the last half of the eighth inning, when the Excelsiors came to bat. The score was a tie. Tom stepped up to bat. The pitcher threw a high in-curve, and Tom, in his efforts to get away from it, was struck in the head and rendered unconscious.

Every heart in the college bleachers was saddened. All hope of winning the game was gone. The side was soon retired and, much to the surprise of all, John Dundon entered the box to take Tom's place. A rousing cheer went up as he entered the diamond.

When the umpire called "Play ball" John's heart beat with excitement, for he knew that it rested with him to decide who should win. "One ball," the umpire shouted, as the sphere whizzed toward the catcher. The next three met with the same fate, and the batter took his base.

The base-runner took a big lead, and, with the assistance of Tom Irving, John threw his man out.

John now felt somewhat more confident, but this confidence was destined to be short-lived, for the next batter up found the ball for a two-base hit, but failed to score, for John struck out the next two men.

It was now the Excelsior's turn at bat, and the last half of the ninth inning; the excitement was intense, and, although two men were on bases when Ed Fitzgerald came to

bat, the side was retired on a high fly to left field.

After a short talk, the managers agreed to play until either side should score. In the first half of the tenth inning John, after receiving many a cheer, showed his skill and appreciation by striking out the first three men up.

In the last half of the tenth inning the first batter knocked a fly to left field and was caught out. The next one was retired on a ground ball to shortstop. John came next. The umpire called three balls and then two strikes. As the next ball came toward him John drew back and, with a well-timed blow, sent the ball high over the left-fielder's head. Cries of "Home run," "Home run," came from the bleachers, and John, having reached first base, started for second. The fielder by this time had the ball, and in his efforts to throw it to the second baseman he threw it wide of the mark. John reached third and started for home. The first baseman lost no time in getting the ball, and, seeing John start from third base he threw it home. Cries of "Dive," "Dive," came from every direction, and when within five feet of the base he dove and was called "safe." The crowd went wild with excitement, and John was carried from the grounds on the shoulders of his friends, the hero of the day.

W. P. Ahearn.

First Special.

### **Alexius Birren, Patri Suo S. P. D.**

Negari non potest quin ad te scribere magna me voluptate afficiat. Nos omnes valemus, et te etiam valere spero. Ciceronis epistolis multum operae his paucis mensibus dedi.

Primo, propter studii novitatem, parum progressus feci, nunc autem, difficultatibus diligentia perseverantiaque superatis, ad te epistolam Latinam scribere constitui. Omnia

mea studia summa me delectatione retinent, et post Nativitatis festivitatem Caesaris rebus gestis inter Gallos, me totum tradidam. Cura ut valeas et ad me litteras quamprimum scribas. Etiam atque etiam tibi festivitatem faustam prosperamque volo.

Vale.

X. Cal. Dec., Ex Collegio St. Ignatii.

Alex. C. Birren, First Special.

## A Hunting Incident.

**I**N a small town in the western part of Arizona lived a family by the name of Grey. Willie, their only child, was a bright lad of thirteen summers. He was an expert shot with a rifle, and many a time had accompanied his father on a hunting expedition. At the time at which our story opens, Willie had just received a present of a new Winchester rifle, and he was very anxious to try it on the broad forehead of some forest animal. Therefore, when his father spoke of going on a hunting trip, Willie was heart and soul with him.

It was a cool, crisp morning in autumn on which Will, his father and two other hunters started out. There had been a heavy frost the preceding night, and a keen wind was now blowing from the north. But the hunters did not mind this, as they walked merrily along, talking of the adventures which they anticipated, with bears and other animals which frequented the mountains.

While they were thus engaged the practiced eye of one of the hunters, Bill Short by name, caught sight of the large tracks of a bear. Falling on his hands and knees he examined them and found them to be the tracks of a huge grizzly. They decided to kill it, if possible. Their mode of attack was quickly formed. Mr. Grey and Willie were to follow the tracks while the others were to spread out so as to form a sort of semi-circle. They were all to meet at a certain spot, previously agreed upon.

As Will and his father were walking cautiously along, the smell of newly-killed venison attracted their attention. Creeping slow-

ly forward they came upon an open glade, where an encounter seemed to have taken place recently. Nothing daunted, Mr. Grey and Will kept on. In a short time they beheld a spectacle that well-nigh made their blood run cold. About twenty feet in front of them sat a huge grizzly, eating the flesh of a large stag. It was lucky for them that the wind was not at their backs, for if it had been their presence would soon have been perceived.

Taking careful aim, Mr. Grey fired at the monster's head. The bullet entered the bear's nose, but touched no vital spot. With a growl of rage, the grizzly reeled forward, but not before he had received another bullet in the leg. As soon as the bear caught sight of his tormentors, he rushed toward them. With a blow of his paw he knocked Mr. Grey down, and Willie would have shared the same fate had not our hero jumped aside, and, drawing his large hunting knife, prepared to defend himself. Wounded as he was the bear was still a formidable antagonist, and, I am afraid, would have laid Willie low also had not Bill Short and his companion burst upon the scene at this instant.

The death of the bear, which quickly followed their timely appearance, rescued our friends from great peril. Mr. Grey, though stunned, was not hurt very badly, and assisted as he was by his son and comrades, was soon able to walk home. Willie, though a little scared, and regretting that he had not been able to use his new rifle, went home well satisfied with his adventures.

James Murray.  
Second Academic A.

## What the Christmas Angels Sang.

**H**OW every true Christian's heart must glow with rapture, when, at this glorious season, he calls to mind that sweetly impressive scene which marked the birth of the Infant Jesus!

The last rays of the departing sun had faded away, and the cloudless sky was of a deep blue

tint, affording a full view of every twinkling star. The ground was covered by a carpet of crystal snow that glistened like diamonds in the silvery light of the cold moon. Clumps of evergreens were growing here and there, and flocks of sheep were scattered on the brow of a neighboring hill under the vigilant watch

of the humble shepherds.

In the midst of this lovely scene, on a sudden the tranquil sky parted, and there burst forth a flood of the richest golden light. And behold! a band of angels of the most exquisite beauty, clad in robes of silver, gracefully descended. But hark! the most perfect music that mortal man had ever heard, celestial, charming, broke the silence of the midnight. The lovely hymn began with the words: "Glory to God on high and peace on earth to men of good will." They continued to sing of the infinite goodness and glory of God; of the

meekness and love of the Infant Jesus; of the humility and spotless purity of the maiden who bore Him; and finally of the universal peace and everlasting bliss that His birth had purchased for all men of good will.

Singing praises to God the celestial beings gracefully ascended, and the astonished shepherds, following the promptings of their joyful hearts betook themselves in haste to the manger-cradle of the Infant Savior.

Francis J. Foley.

First Special.

## Peace on Earth.

**T**WAS a brilliant moonlight night. The air was cold and crisp. The snow, frozen in glittering billows, mantled the city of Warsaw in nature's purest garb.

In a dilapidated cottage, situated at the extremity of a long avenue, at the bedside of his little daughter of five, sat a young man, named Tobola, full of sorrow and misery. He gazed affectionately at her pale, emaciated face, from which dark hair rippled back; and now and then he wept bitterly. Intense silence reigned in the little bedroom; not a word was spoken, not even a window creaked.

Tobola was very unfortunate; his wife died some time ago, and later his son was killed by a railroad train. In despair he renounced his God, never attended church, and gradually seemed to have lost all his religious feelings.

The clock struck eleven. And at that moment, through the gloom and sorrow, a church bell sounded, faintly at first, announcing the great and happy solemnity of the Birth of Christ. As the pealing grew louder and louder, the feeble little girl, in a soft, low tone, said: "Father, last year I was not sick, and oh! what a beautiful night it was. I remember it well. Mother carefully wrapped me up in her shawl, and took me to church, where in a small manger lay the Infant Jesus. Oh! the child was so beautiful, so charming. It spread out its arms and smiled at me, and I fell in love with it. Oh! how I wish I could see it again."

"But, my dear child, it is very cold out

doors, and to take you to church would be impossible," answered the father.

The pealing of the bells ceased, and up from the street rose the sound of many footsteps, as the faithful wended their way to church, whilst now and then shouts of boisterous merriment made the night re-echo.

"Oh, father," begged the sick girl, "please go to church and see if that sweet child is there still."

"But who will remain with you?" Tobola anxiously asked.

"Call Martha, I am sure she will stay with me."

Tobola accordingly asked Martha, who lived in the next cottage, to take care of his daughter for a few hours, and departed.

When he thought of the long time which had passed since he had visited Christ in the manger, Tobola hesitated to approach the sacred edifice; but anxious to please his child he hurried along the avenue, which, sheathed with a slight covering of snow, sparkled here and there, as the moonbeams caught the frosty crystals.

The service had just begun when he entered the church. From the choir came the sweet, melodious notes of a Christmas hymn, full of inexpressible enchantment. Tobola had come to the manger, and there beheld the figure of a child, wrapped in swaddling clothes. Smiling, it held out its arms as if to embrace him. The figure attracted his attention, and he looked at it affectionately, whilst

the singing of the people, and the eloquent sermon of the priest, stirred his heart. He began to think of the days of his youth, spent religiously and happily, he thought of his virtuous mother and wife, of his little daughter, whom death seemed about to take away, and in his heart he felt a wonderful pain and yearning.

After the service the people all departed, but Tobola remained awhile, and going to the steps of the altar, fell on his knees and prayed fervently that God might restore his dear little girl to health, promising in return to serve Him faithfully. A stream of tears rolled down

his cheeks, and rising he left the church.

When he reached home Tobola told his daughter all she desired to know about the Holy Infant; and, strange to say, within a week the little girl was well. Her first act, as soon as she was able to go out doors, was to hurry to the manger to thank the Child Jesus for her recovery.

With her went Tobola, who made his peace with God, and on New Year's Day, with reception of the Food of the Angels began a new and holy life.

Joseph P. Mallek.

First Academic A.

## RESURGAM.

One autumn day, as the wind moaned loud,

A tiny seed from a tree was blown;

And it fell to the earth and was wrapped in a shroud,

As white and pure, as an angel's own.

Here, through the winter long and cold,

It lay, unknown to this busy world;

Till with spring's first wooings, this seed grew bold,

And burst its shell and its leaves unfurled.

\* \* \* \* \*

Long years shall our bodies, after death,

Lie cold and stark, till the final hour.

But when Christ shall come, like May's warm breath,

They will spring from the earth, like the seed into flower.

—Frank McDonnell, '04.

## The Reflections of a Looking Glass.

**T**HOUGH I am only a fragment of what I once was, I am an aristocrat; for, as you can see, if you care to look at me closely, I am a full quarter of an inch thick, and without a flaw. And my family, the Sand family, is older than Adam's own, for we run back to those days when "darkness was on the face of the deep." My family, like all the glacier race, was fond of travel; and my earliest recollections are of leaving our Arctic home for a protracted southern tour.

We jogged on at a good, easy rate, until we reached Missouri. There I stopped to make acquaintance with the country. My friend Ice took the form of water and contin-

ued his journeying southward.

After some ages of rest in this Southern country, I grew very lonesome, scowled at as I was by the sun, beaten by the rain, and shunned by the beautiful children of the flowery kingdom, so, when some of the race of men dug me up with shovels and carried me away in wagons, I did not regret the change. What followed closely upon this renewal of my travels I shall not attempt to relate, for I mixed with so many new acquaintances, and, in their company, was so unceremoniously heated and pulled and rolled and rubbed with polishers, that I keep only a very dazed recollection of this period of my existence.



After all this turmoil, I made acquaintance with my friend Quicksilver. He is a bright, sunny-tempered fellow, albeit a trifle shallow. The constancy of our mutual attachment is unwavering. Early in our companionship we were set up in a fashionable buffet, behind a row of glasses and decanters and lemons. Ah, me! What sad things I saw amid the splendor of that rosewood palace.

I remember well the nights when a young man began to come there. They called him Jack Singlehope. He was a rising attorney, wealthy, talented, possessed of a happy home and a beautiful wife. I knew these things because I heard his friends talking about him. I could see, too, that he was a "hail fellow well met," and made friends everywhere.

He must have grown dissatisfied with his home circle, for he came oftener and oftener, until every night saw him there. Sometimes he would stumble away with his hat awry, sometimes he would be carried out stupid.

But why go into details. It was the same old story of drink and the gaming-table. He neglected his profession, and his fortune began to melt away like mist before the morning sun. Many a time I wished that I might be able to retain a picture of him as he was in his besotted condition, so as to present it to his gaze in his sober moments.

Despite the remonstrances of the few friends, who had his welfare at heart; despite the pleadings of his patient, suffering wife, he went on down, down. His boon companions deserted him. His house was sold from over his head. He and his beautiful, society-loving wife went to live in a tenement attic, the poor-

est of the poor. Until I saw her afterwards, I could not understand why his wife clung to him in his well-deserved distress.

After the selling of his home he satisfied himself with cheaper drinking and gambling resorts and I lost sight of him. But when a month or two had passed I saw him again. His haggard face and slipshod apparel told me that he had sunk lower than ever.

He slouched up to the bar and ordered a drink, promising to pay for it next day. He was refused. Then a quarrel began, there were loud words, curses, a scuffle—and an angry hand snatched up a beer-glass and threw it. But the hand was too unsteady to aim well. The glass missed its intended mark and crashed full into my face.

The shattered bits of mirror were thrown into an ash-box. A little ragamuffin picked me thence and brought me as a precious treasure, to Jack Singlehope's wife. I think that she was more loved by the street urchin than by her husband. I am set upon her mantelpiece and I often watch her as she sits by the window, sewing, or as she goes about doing her meagre household duties. And when Jack comes in, and I see the look in her eyes as she goes to meet him, I know why she has clung to him all this time. I was going to say that she had lost her beauty; but when her husband is away, she often kneels to pray for him, and her pale, calm face, with its ever-deepening lines and weary, but persevering look, is more beautiful than that it ever could have been before. May God hearken to her prayer.

Michael J. Brady.

First Commercial.

## SHIPWRECK.

IT was just five o'clock when the Captain, coming on deck, predicted that we would have a storm before morning. This happened on board of a small sailing ship, whose name was the "Sunset." The ship had left the Cape of Good Hope and was on its way to the United States. As the Captain said this he went below. The storm came on us at about half-past seven. The sailors were sent up the masts to furl the sails, and they were hardly through when the storm

broke in all its fury.

Until this time I had been asleep on my bunk in the cabin, but the rolling of the ship awoke me. I jumped out of bed, dressed myself, and in a few minutes was up with the rest of the crew in the rigging. We could hardly keep ourselves from being blown away.

It was now pitch dark and the Captain had his speaking-tube out and was shouting to the mates and sailors. At last the rigging was taken in, and that which was torn and could

not be mended was left to fly before the gale. All of a sudden at midnight came the cry that the ship had sprung a leak. The ship was very heavily laden. Then came another cry: "Cut away the mast." The Captain, taking his ax, which was near at hand, started at the task himself, for he knew that if help did not come we would surely perish, for once the masts were gone the port could never be reached.

Of course, as soon as the leak was made known, the crew were at the pumps, doing their very best, but it was of no use, although they kept at the work all night and all the next day. The Captain at last told the crew that the ship was doomed and he told us that we had better take to the lifeboat.

It did not take up long to man the frail shells. The Captain, going back to his cabin, got a compass, a keg of water and two kegs of ship biscuits. When we were all ready, the

Captain took the ax and cut the davits ropes, and then, with a splash, we reached the water. We began to row. When we got about two hundred yards from the ship, the Captain looked back. He was very sorry to leave the vessel. He told us to row him back that he might perish with his ship, but we were too fond of our Captain to see him get drowned. But while we were still looking at the ship, which was sinking, the Captain jumped out of the small boat, and began to swim for it.

With a cry the sailors turned the boat's head toward the Captain, but it was too late, for he had gained the ship, and as he stepped over the rail, the ship went down, with its good old friend, the Captain.

After two days' hard work the remaining crew reached a port and all were glad to be on solid ground once more.

Herbert Bertram.  
Preparatory Class.

### **The Hair-Breadth Escapes of a Mosquito.**

**I** AM a mosquito. I was born one hot June day, in a miserable, muddy pond. My mother left me there to shift for myself. A frog who was sunning himself on the bank, took a hop, as a little boy threw a stone at him, and he nearly landed on me. The stone struck about a foot from me, as it fell into the pond, making a loud splash. It almost took away my breath, but now I began to breathe more freely. I had been in great danger; but, thank heaven, I had come away safe and sound.

So this begins my hair-breadth escapes. First, the frog nearly landed on me, and, secondly, the stone. If ever the frog had landed on me, I should have ceased to exist.

Well, I stayed in the pond for about one week, and then I got an idea into my head that I should like to go traveling; so one nice morning I started, and the first person I met was a big burly farmer, who was driving to town. I flew up to him and lit on his nose. But I forgot to tell you that when I started out, it was with the intention of making a big mark in the world. But to resume my narrative. No sooner had I landed on the farmer's nose, and begun to make myself com-

fortable, when I suddenly felt a pressure of wind like that of a cyclone. Was I in Galveston? Where was I? It was all so sudden. A loud clap like thunder rang out, and the farmer's big hand came down with a whack on his big nose.

Oh, that nose! It was red enough before, dear knows; but now— Well, as that shock upset my feelings, I flew off. In one way, I really deserved the fright I got; for I had no business to stick my nose into what did not concern me. Mine was a pretty narrow escape, wasn't it, though?

The next escape I had was with a boy working in a railroad office. I accosted him in a most musical tone of voice, and flew up to his ear to give him a "pointer," when he too made desperate lunge at me; but struck wide of his mark, just as the farmer had done. This was escape number four.

I need not trouble you with any more of my autobiography, because my other escapes are very similar to the four I have just mentioned, and would only tire your patience; so I bid you adieu. Lawrence McHale,

Third Academic A.

## Fragmentary Paragraph Writing.

By First Academic B.

EVENING.

**I**T was evening when I quitted the woods. A few ruddy clouds floated lazily through space with not "a breath of air to move them." Then the sun sank from sight and all that was left of his blood-red gorgeousness was a faint tint in the western sky. The distant tinkling of a bell, or the bleating of sheep on their way homeward were the only sounds that broke the almost sacred silence which reigned supreme. One by one the stars began to twinkle; then the moon in her pale beauty rose from behind a band of clouds, and suffused the earth with silver light that made the shadows of the neighboring woodland even darker than before.

Leonard Burke.

OUR CHURCH ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

Our church on Christmas day, decorated in honor of our Redeemer, is so beautiful and inspiring that the sight of it touches the hardest heart. The December sun just appearing in the East, peeps in through the stained windows, bathing the vestments of the priest in hues of the rich unfolding dawn. The choir sings its joyous hymns, their sweet voices rising upward and swelling higher and higher till they seem to lose themselves in the dense music of the organ. The countenance of the priest shines with gladness as he glances over the multitude, their faces upraised in holy supplication and rejoicing. Daniel Cahill.

A WEALTHY FARMER.

On a little green hill, surrounded by tall trees, that are draped with luxuriant vines, and framed in a circle of beautiful flowers, stands a splendid mansion. Its outward appearance hints at the wealth within. The fur-

niture of genuine mahogany; the walls adorned with pictures ablaze with richest colors; the hardwood floor, as neat and slippery as the newly-frozen surface of a pond; all tell of the owner's great wealth, and seem to make his life a comfortable and charming one. But if we follow the farmer in his daily life, we see how he attained such riches. He rises with the sun, and his morning prayers are mingled with the sweet song of the skylark. He toils all day long, with the ardor of an ant. When the sun sinks low, when the frog begins its monotonous chant, and the bee retires to the hive, he can be seen wending his way home through the fields of wheat. Then he eats a hearty supper, and after giving thanks to the Almighty for his blessings, throws himself on a comfortable bed, which, after a day of hard labor, affords him an almost royal slumber.

J. G. Mulcarek.

MY WINDOW PANE.

'As I awoke one crisp winter morning, I noticed that the sun shone brighter than usual through my window. Arising to ascertain the cause of it, I found that while I had been spending the night in peaceful slumber, Jack Frost had painted a life-like picture of summer upon my window pane. It represented fields teeming with verdure. The flowers looked so real that I thought I could detect their fragrant odors. A brook ran through the fields, sparkling so vividly in the bright sunshine that it looked like a stream of liquid silver. In places it was lined on each side by majestic trees, which partly shaded it with their wide-spreading foliage. The sky was clear, excepting for a few flaky clouds, which remained motionless "without a breath of air to move them."

Louis J. Beauvais.



# St. Ignatius Collegian

*By the Students of St. Ignatius College, Chicago, Ill.*

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## CHRISTMAS, 1901

"Go, little book, and if an one would speak thee ill, let him bethink him that thou art the child of those who love thee well."

With this number of the Collegian we make our second appearance before the public. From the hearty welcome which our introductory number received, we are led to believe that this, our second essay in the field of college journalism, will fare equally well at the hands of its friends. In the past, our defects, whatever they might have been, were considerably overlooked, while our good points were praised; so now we earnestly hope that those who peruse these pages—the result of hours of earnest labor—will have for them only kindly criticism.

Christmas always suggests to us a season of good-will—a time in which we like to forget strife and crime and breathe in the pure atmosphere of peace alone—peace with God, peace with man. During that period we like to think no more a while of the wars of nations, of capital and labor; to forget those who, by insidious attacks, are trying to undermine human and divine government; to cut ourselves off from the concerns and cares of the times, and turn back, with reverential awe, to Bethlehem—to adore the Babe who for 2,000 years, by the powers of peace and good-will, has moulded the destinies of Christian civilization. We turn back to hear once more the Christmas carol of angels: "Peace on earth." Or, as the poet so well puts it:

"Weary and wayworn, from the Desert-road  
Of barren thought; from Hope's dead sea, which  
glowed

With Love's fair mirage; from the poet's haunt,  
The scholar's lamp, the statesman's scheme, the  
vaunt,

The failure, of all fond Philosophies,—  
Back unto Thee, back to thy olive-trees,  
Thy people, and thy story, and thy Son,  
Mary of Nazareth! So long ago  
Bearing us Him who made our Christendom,  
And came to save the Earth, from Heav'n His  
home."

Too much credit cannot be given the football squad for the plucky fight which it made against its opponents. With only four of last season's eleven at college, Captain Graber, under the efficient direction of Mr. Fusz, S. J., rounded out a team which made an excellent showing against its opponents. But, if it is within our province to offer advice, we would suggest to all those who take an interest in the success of the "maroon and gold," that they exert themselves just a trifle by attending the games in which our teams participate and offering to them all the encouragement that lies in their power. Without this show of college spirit, it is almost impossible for a team, even of first-class calibre, to come out victorious at the close of a season's schedule.

In the public schools of this city an effort was recently made to do away with prizes of all kinds for excellence in study. We, who, attend an institution, in which the prize system is firmly established, are quite interested to note the objection raised against it. It is claimed that those who win medals become conceited, while those who lose give vent to feelings of jealousy. That such is the case in some instances we shall not deny. But even if some winners become priggish and set up, and some losers jealous, we cannot see that this is reason sufficient for doing away with "honors." The advantages which the system offers far outweigh the disadvantages. To enjoy the former we can afford to put up with some deficiencies. A medal is an excellent incentive to earnest and diligent study. There is no doubt that it urges a youth on to put forth his greatest efforts. And not unfrequently it is the cause of awakening talents,



which otherwise would have remained dormant. Besides, the prize of the school-room is but a miniature of those of after-life. These petty contests of the class-room are but preparations for the combat of real life. To us it seems better policy to leave untouched this system, which exerts quite an influence for good upon the child, and gives him an inkling of what the contests of life will demand of him.

W. A. K.

## THE PLAY.

**A**FTER foot-ball and Thanksgiving come the play and Christmas. Like all things earthly the college heroes have suffered change—the knight of the moleskin has been routed, and now the wearer of the sock and buskin is the hero of the hour. In college events the stage has supplanted the gridiron and until Christmas the play is the hub of the universe.

This year the actors will step back into the shadows of history and produce to the life a thrilling story of the days of Antoninus Pius and Pope Pius the First.

The play, an original classic drama in three acts, is entitled "Near the Throne," and was written by Mr. Joseph C. Husslein, the talented young Jesuit, whose dramatization of Stevenson's "Black Arrow" was given at the Studebaker last year, and won for him much praise.

"Near the Throne" is an ideal college play. The structure and style is Elizabethan, the diction, which is chiefly verse, is choice and elegant, while the prevailing sentiment is nobly Christian. Passion and fancy, pathos and humor are all blended into one harmonious unity. The chief feature of the play, however, is that it is highly dramatic and that it lends itself to beautiful scenic effect and gorgeous costuming.

Briefly, the plot runs thus: Athol, the son of a British noble, and now cupbearer of the Roman Emperor, proclaims his Christianity in spite of the imperial edict. The emperor, on account of his affection for his cupbearer, allows him three days to renounce his faith—"that his mind may become as loyal as his heart."

Aelius Rufus, the prefect of Rome, seizes the occasion to abduct Athol from the palace; and tries to persuade him to poison the Emperor secretly. Rufus explains that he will then ascend the throne and save the Christians from destruction. Athol sees the snare, and by his loyalty to Caesar as well as to God, foils the treason of the prefect.

Again the emperor's life is attempted, and again saved by Athol, assisted by the bravery and alertness of Caius Varro, a soldier of fortune.

But, lest the emperor's gratitude rob him of the martyr's crown he longs for, Athol does not manifest the treason until his own crown of martyrdom is secure. Thereupon the emperor frees the pontiff and his flock and issues the famous edict that "while Antoninus lives none evermore shall suffer for the faith in Christ."

Antoninus and Athol, Rufus and Varro are represented in our engraving.

The performances at the Studebaker, on the eighteenth and nineteenth of December, will be the first appearance of "Near the Throne" on any stage, and to the histrionic reputation of St. Ignatius College thespians may be attributed the author's reason for entrusting to them the initial presentation of his work. The actors, under the direction of Mr. Frederic Siedenburgh, S. J., are determined to win laurels for themselves and glory for their alma mater.

The cast is a very large one and yet only two of last year's "stars" will reappear, Masters George Carroll and John Clifford, but it is safe to predict that, after the play is over, the astronomers will add another constellation to their stellar charts.

Nearly one hundred students will take part in the first and last scenes; in the latter a temple of Jove, a pagan sacrifice with hymns, libations and dances will be reproduced in detail. Mr. W. Crockett Perrin has charge of the dancing and Prof. M. A. Roy of the singing. The music of the hymns, as also of the other songs in the play, was composed by Mr. J. B. Louis, S. J., and is thoroughly in keeping with the classical tone of the play.

The social aspect of the annual college play is emphasized by the long list of patronesses,



representative ladies of Chicago society. The proceeds of the play will be for the benefit of the Students' Free Library and the Athletic Association. The cast is as follows:

### CAST.

Antoninus Pius, Emperor of Rome ..... Edgar J. Cook  
 ..... Edgar J. Cook  
 Lucius, adopted son of Antoninus ..... James D. Howard  
 ..... James D. Howard  
 Pius the First, Pontiff of the Church of Rome.  
 ..... Henry Carrington  
 Aelius Rufus, Prefect of Rome .. Charles G. O'Shea  
 Marius Brennus, Prefect of the Praetorians..  
 ..... Charles F. Conley  
 Athol, son of a British Noble, cupbearer to the  
 Emperor ..... George F. Carroll  
 Caius Varro, a Roman Knight and Soldier of  
 Fortune ..... Joseph A. Graber  
 Oenon, a Grecian lad in the service of Rufus..  
 ..... George A. Flanagan  
 Zeuxo, Priest of Isis ..... John J. Clifford  
 A Priest of Jove ..... Anthony J. Moran  
 A Priest of Ceres ..... William E. O'Neil  
 A Priest of Cybele ..... Joseph S. Gorman  
 Sica, a courtier ..... James A. Griffin  
 Valerian, a courtier ..... Thomas Anderson  
 Courtiers and Conspirators—  
 Castro ..... Vincent McDonnell  
 Licinius ..... E. Kenna Niles  
 Vespian ..... David J. Guthrie  
 Carbo ..... Payton J. Tuohy  
 Drusus ..... John J. Lannon  
 An Astrologer ..... John P. Seger  
 Tabulus, a leader of a Roman mob .....  
 ..... Justin F. McCarthy  
 An Officer of the Guard ..... Michael A. Brady  
 Afer, a Numidian in service of Athol .....  
 ..... Leonard J. Burke  
 Fulvius, a scrivener and slave.. Martin C. Schmidt  
 Strabo, a courier ..... George F. Zimmer  
 Plebeians—  
 Spurius ..... John M. Ford  
 Fabian ..... Eugene Bermingham  
 Zephyalus ..... Bernard T. Brady  
 Virro ..... Robert A. Hoyne  
 Soldiers of the Guard—  
 Marcus ..... Michael J. Caplice  
 Sebastian ..... Francis J. Mehren

Attendants of the Emperor—

John J. Schiller.

Bernard J. Callaghan

Imperial Pages—

Thomas S. Fitzgerald

Joseph E. Brosseau

Satellites of the Priests—

Theodore Reinert,

Cecil Fitz Gerald,

Paul Drevinak,

Edward Farrell,

Rogers F. O'Neil,

William Rooney,

Clarence Stimming,

Joseph Wyrzykowski,

Charles O'Connor,

Joseph Morrison,

James Regan,

John McElherne.

Choruses of Roman and Greek Boys.

Citizens, soldiers, victors, mob.

## Snatches of Songs Occurring in the Play.

### Hymn to Jove.

#### Prelude.

Io Stator! Triumphator! Io Stator! Triumphator!  
 Io Stator! Triumphator!  
 Jove, all savior, hail to thee!  
 Sun-engirded! cloud-enthroned!  
 Deathless in thy Majesty.  
 Io Stator! Triumphator!

#### Song.

##### I.

Jove, whose praise the muses herald,  
 And thy son, all fair and strong  
 He whose breath is as the morning,  
 And whose words gush forth in song!  
 And whose words gush forth in song!

O'er the clouds thy throne is lifted,  
 With the world beneath thy feet,  
 Where the incense weaths curl upward  
 As the passing ages fleet,  
 While the lips of all the godheads  
 Thy immortal glory greet.  
 While the lips of all the godheads  
 Thy immortal glory greet.

##### II.

Io Stator! Triumphator! Io Stator! Triumphator!  
 Io Stator! Triumphator!  
 Jove, all savior, hail to thee!  
 Sun-engirded! cloud-enthroned!  
 Deathless in thy Majesty.

Golden glows each marble pillar  
 At thy presence drawing near,  
 And thy cloudy halls receive thee,  
 Wondrous music fluting clear.  
 Wondrous music fluting clear.

Bright thy throne and on thy scepter  
Which the crowned gods obey,  
Golden winged, thy eagle sunneth  
In the splendor of thy ray,

All his kingly head in thunders  
While in dream he rends the prey.  
All his kingly head in thunders  
While in dream he rends the prey.

### Ave Caesar.

#### I.

Hail! o'er every tribe and nation  
Throned in glory like to Jove;  
Over kings sublime thy station  
Compassd by thy people's love!

Oak nor laurel wreaths have crowned thee  
Won in bannered fields of war:  
But the splendors which surround thee,  
Prince of Peace! are greater far.  
Prince of Peace! are greater far.  
But the splendors which surround thee,  
Prince of Peace! are greater far.

Hail, oh Caesar! Hail, oh Caesar!  
Like to Jove!  
Over thrones sublime thy station  
Compassd by thy people's love.

#### II.

Wreaths of olive brightly twining  
Bind the radiant locks of Jove,  
Round his argent forehead shining  
Bound in sign of Peace and Love.

But with leaves of bay we crowned thee  
When thy standards first unfurled,  
Bay and olive wave around thee  
And with Jove rule thou the world!  
And with Jove rule thou the world!  
Bay and olive wave around thee  
And with Jove rule thou the world.

Hail, oh Caesar! Hail, oh Caesar!  
Like to Jove,  
Round whose argent forehead shining  
Twines the wreath of Peace and Love.

### Alumni Notes.

Of last year's graduates, T. Francis Geraghty is taking a course of engineering at the Boston School of Technology. Francis J. Tshan and Clarence E. Mercer have taken up the study of law, while John K. Moore, James G. Henaghan, Francis Moran, Thomas H. Mercer and Edmund A. O'Shea have gone into various business pursuits. Matthias Bisdorf and James Belsan are devoting themselves to the study of medicine. Charles H. Quinn is in the Baltimore Seminary, Benjamin Tarskey is studying for the priesthood at Kankakee, and Albert Gastka is also studying for the church. James R. Ficklin is studying privately.

The many friends of Paul Muehlmann and Arthur Spillard will be pleased to learn that they are wearing the habit of a Jesuit novice very becomingly at Florissant, Missouri.

Fred Cramer, of the Junior Class 1897-98, after spending a year in Wyoming, helping the Indian missionaries, has determined to devote his life to the work. He is at present in the Jesuit novitiate.

John Mahoney, B. S. '99, at present in Georgetown's Law Course, and Alfred Berghoff, '99, who is in the second year of law at Harvard, were welcome visitors at the college during vacation.

John Lange, '98, is studying theology at the Polish College in Rome.

Bernard D. Rogers, of the Sophomore Class 1899-1900, and Charles O'Hern, of last year's Junior Class, have gone to Rome for their ecclesiastical studies.

They say that Frank Kovak, '97, is known at Harvard as the organizer of the law school foot-ball team.

The friends of Dr. Rowan expect him back soon from the Philippines.

The Alumni Reunion Dinner on Nov. 20, in the college gymnasium, was a most enjoyable event, an even hundred of the "old boys" with quite a large number of invited guests, sitting down to a repast in Caterer Johnson's best style. The college orchestra made its first public appearance of the year at the banquet, to the great surprise of the students of long ago, who were not aware that the stu-

dents of the present generation were so skilled in the art of music. Rt. Rev. P. J. Muldoon was the guest of honor on the occasion. Hon. Thomas A. Moran, the first speaker of the evening, expressed strong views on the encroachments of society and government on the rights of individuals. "More of the individual and less of the state," was the keynote of his speech. Congressman Feely spoke on the American Catholic layman, outlining forcibly his duties and responsibilities. Mr. Frank Moran, 1901, paid his respects to socialism. Bishop Muldoon held up the saints as models of correct living for Christian men. His Honor, Mayor Harrison, after a feeling reference to his old college days, exhorted all to take an interest in the purifying of politics.

Other speakers were called on, and the assembly did not break up until midnight. Those who were fortunate enough to be present will look back on this reunion as one of the pleasant episodes in the year 1901.

## Musical.

At the beginning of the scholastic year the college choirs and orchestra again resumed their good work.

Every year some of the members drop out, but their places are always quickly filled, so that this refining branch of college training not only holds its own but grows more popular every year.

That there is fine talent in the college and that the boys in general have a taste for music, is shown by the concerts, given now and then, and by the enthusiastic appreciation of the students.

The Senior and Junior choirs, under the direction of Prof. M. A. Roy, have for many years been a source of entertainment at the college, and have already established a reputation. The orchestra and glee club however are budding institutions. And we think we can predict a bright future for them both.

At the opening of its second year the members of the orchestra were somewhat discouraged, as some of their best musicians had left them, but their hopes were soon revived by

the addition of about ten new players, so that their number has increased to twenty.

At the first meeting the following officers were elected :

Martin J. McEvoy—President.

James J. Hackett—Vice President.

Leo J. Dugdale, Treasurer.

Armand V. Smith, Louis C. Brosseau, Censors.

Martin J. Phee, Herbert C. Kendrick—Librarians.

The membership of the Glee Club was also very small at the opening of the year, but the vacancies were speedily filled. And this popular little club is now larger than last year.

On the day before Thanksgiving the first concert of the year was given, and for an hour and a half the faculty and students were entertained with instrumental and vocal music. The orchestra surprised all by its fine rendition of a selection from Martha. A piano solo by Albert Jedlicka showed that he was not only a fine musician, but at home with a large audience. Messrs. McEvoy, Ward and O'Connell on mandolins and guitar, and a trio by Messrs. Chouinard, Manning and Nolan delighted the audience by their fine playing and singing, while Mr. Pryble, the college violin instructor, surpassed everything by his magnificent selections on the violin. The choir sang one of the songs from the new play, and the glee club finished the program with a unique little song, called "The Story of a Tack." Leo J. Dugdale, '04.

## Locals.

May the Christmas-peace of the New-born King and the New Year's joy of God be thine!

It was an agreeable surprise to all to see how much latent oratorical talent the late foot-ball excitement revealed. Mr. Justin McCarthy's masterly speech at the final mass-meeting gives him a high place in the ranks of the "wordy ones." While no one ever doubted "Mike" Brady's rhetorical ability, yet his speech surpassed all expectations. And not a few are of the opinion that, had the platform collapsed just as Mr. Ed Cook was

approaching his climax, the enthusiasm would have lasted over night.

On Friday, Nov. 29, Rev. Fr. Provincial arrived at the college for an extended visit. As soon as his arrival was noised about the campus, the "team" called upon Rev. Fr. Rector with favorable results. Saturday was an unexpected holiday.

Chips.—At the concert Cullen told how he became a lightweight tumbler. Hall gave some of his marvelous smiles.

"Where would we be but for authority!" cried the anti-anarchy debater. "On the campus," mused the jug-imprisoned youth.

"Strive," said the absent-minded professor, as he was writing on the board, "to be inferior to no one and superior to your equal." When he heard the titter he said: "No gentleman would laugh in a man's face when his back is turned."

A budding poet thus gave vent to the thoughts that struggled within him:

I sit in the "jug" at even  
As the clock is striking four,  
And the "kids," with the ball on the campus,  
Are making an awful roar.

Sleepy and tired with the day's excitement, a certain member of the Poetry class sat down in the evening after a game to write out a translation of ten lines of the Iliad. On the next day, Friday, he is said to have handed his professor the following translation:

"And the swift-footed Prendergast, in angry mood, eyed them sharply and dealt the oval swine-skin a terrible blow with his foot. And the Medics were terrified. But the keen-eyed Dondanville with lowering brow folded his arms around the swift-cleaving ball and, with quick-moving limbs, bore it in the direction whence it had come. Nor did the St. Ignatians dare to await his coming, but all went forward to meet him. And the fair-haired and blameless Corrigan embraced his knees and held them, having grown to them, as it were. And the umpire ratified the 'down' with a nod. Then the crowd-collecting Brady, sweet of speech, addressed the multitude assembled, and said, 'Since indeed the time of

the 'halves' is short and not very long do ye, therefore, root very much in order that our men may take courage.' Therefore many shouts flowed from the tongues of the people and the Medics were wroth. But being confused by the loud noise, presently grew afraid, and they knew in their minds that it was an ill-fated day."

What G. Short McClellan wants Santa Claus to put in his stocking—An infallible remedy for minuteness.

William A. Murphy, '04.

## Societies.

### SENIOR SODALITY

THE Senior Sodality of the Blessed Virgin has attracted a large number of students, who wish to honor the Mother of God. The spirit, manifested by the sodalists, and their regular attendance at the meetings, every week, give indications of a very prosperous and fruitful year.

This year the Sodality is under the direction of Rev. Father Neenan, S. J. He exerts great influence over the sodalists, and by his kind words incites the boys to the acquirement of virtue and to lead the life of a true client of the Mother of God.

On the seventh of December the number of sodalists was increased by the reception of the candidates, who by their fidelity showed themselves worthy of being enrolled among the devoted servants of Mary. The usual services pertaining to the reception of new members took place. After this Very Rev. Father Provincial, in eloquent and touching words, spoke of the dignity of the Blessed Virgin, as mother of God, the honor due to her, and so generously given by the church of her son. He congratulated the sodalists on their endeavor to honor her, by their special service, and urged them to show themselves her loyal servants by imitating her virtues. His words will long be remembered by those who had the good fortune to hear them.

We trust the sodalists will continue to take great interest in the sodality, and attend the meeting regularly until the close of the year. With the spirit shown so far we feel assured



that the sodality will enjoy one of the most prosperous years since it was founded.

Charles G. O'Shea, '02.

#### JUNIOR SODALITY.

If a good beginning augurs a successful ending, the Junior Sodality can certainly congratulate itself. At the weekly meetings the office of the Immaculate Conception is said attentively and with recollection. The Director, Rev. Father Feld, S. J., then says a few words in honor of our Blessed Mother to incite all present with a greater devotion to her.

During the past months attendance at the meetings has exceeded all expectations, the number of members and candidates being such that it will be necessary to enlarge the tablet containing their names.

Ever since the day on which they were received as candidates, quite a number of students have been looking forward to the 8th of December, when they were to become members of the Sodality. Their wish has been gratified. We bid them welcome to our ranks, and are happy to have them swell the chorus of praise in honor of her, whom we all love.

Edgar C. Banks.

#### THE CHRYSOSTOMIAN SOCIETY.

Shortly after the reopening of classes, at the beginning of the new scholastic year, the Chrysostomian Society held its first election of officers.

The suggestion of the President that those members only be elected to positions of honor and trust whose previous conduct and class-standing gave promise of effective work, met with a generous response from the members present.

As a result new applications for membership are being constantly received, so that now the roll-call of the Society at each successive meeting is answered by some thirty-three members constant in attendance.

The declamations, essays and speeches that make up the program of the weekly meetings have in general been well prepared, and the interest of the Society in the different questions under discussion has been repeatedly shown by the increasing desire of "members from the house" to contribute their share

to the debate, after the appointed speakers have finished. This interest has, in fact, been aroused by a careful selection of subjects for debate, as may be seen by the appended list: "Anarchy," "Chinese Immigration," "The "Subsidiy-bill," "Lynching," "Capital Punishment," and "Negro Education in the South."

With a continuance of the spirit of earnestness that has thus far animated the officers and members of the Society, there is good reason to hope that this, its twenty-seventh year of existence, will equal, if not surpass, that measure of success which has crowned its efforts in former years.

#### THE LOYOLA LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Loyola Literary Society was founded in 1898 by Mr. E. Sullivan, S. J., formerly a professor at the College. He was succeeded in the Presidency of the Society during the ensuing year by Mr. Milet, S. J., and Mr. Doyle, S. J.—the society this year being in charge of Mr. O'Connor, S. J. Originally it was established for the benefit of the Commercial students, but was soon enlarged so as to embrace the Humanities, First Special and First Academic classes.

Its purpose is to give a preparatory training in the art of debate, familiarizing its members with the methods of procedure, rules of order, etc., so that, when received into the Chrysostomian or senior debating society, they may be an ornament rather than a drawback to it.

Great interest is shown this year in its welfare by the students, as is evidenced by the lively and earnest manner in which they have entered upon the discussion of the questions so far debated.

It is to be hoped that the Loyola Society will continue to the end of the year to be as successful as the beginning seems to indicate.

John Clifford, '05.

#### LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart, displayed by the college boys, is a continual source of gratification to everyone. The Rev. Father Murphy, director of the League, is at present engaged in arranging the bands in each of the classes, and the task, owing to the large num-



TRAINOR	CRONIN	CORRIGAN	PRENDERGAST	DOYLE	HELLGETH	MCCARTHY, (MGR)
GUTHRIE	GRIFFIN	DEVINE	CULLEN	DILLON	E. HECHINGER	
REGAN	J. HECHINGER	O'NEILL	GRABER (CAPT)	FINNEGAN	SEGER	

ber of boys, is not an easy one. Daily communions of reparation are in progress, and will be continued during the entire school year. Several of the old promoters are missing from their accustomed places, but new ones are filling their posts. The new applicants, after their term of probation, will receive the promoter's cross and diploma. Devotions held in the lower church every first Friday of the month are attended by the entire body of students. Martin J. McEvoy.

Head Promoter.

### Athletics.

WE remember reading some time ago a remark made by a president of Princeton in an address to the students. "The most important business here," he said, "is to make men, not to develop mere scholars and philosophers." We quite agree with the worthy president in saying that the object of a college is to produce men in the true sense of the word. We are, perhaps, giving his words a broader interpretation than the president originally meant, still they can very well apply to the subject which we have in hand. He doubtless had only the mental qualities of a man in mind when he uttered the words quoted, but we can, we think, truthfully say that the object of a college is not only to turn out men well developed mentally, but also well developed physically. The curriculum of studies in schools is well suited to perform the first, but the last, namely, the physical development of students, is, we are sorry to say, overlooked in a great many instances. No one can dispute the superiority of a well-developed man over another, brighter, perhaps, than he, but of a weak and unhealthy disposition. In all the walks of life the well-developed man has an undoubted advantage over his weaker brother. He is capable of standing greater hardship, and is not as easily overpowered by illness or overwork.

The place for a young man to develop himself is obviously the school, and the exercises in the school by which he can be physically developed are those of athletics. Get him to join some one of his school teams, and, provided he does not overdo the thing, he will be in better health and will stand higher in

his class. Of course there is the danger of a boy or young man over-indulging in sports at the expense of his studies, but with competent directors who are interested in his improvement, and with a class standing like that required in the larger universities, we are sure that he will be kept within the bounds of moderation.

John Prendergast, '03.

### Foot Ball.

Foot-ball practice began during the first week of the school year. The prospects for a good team were not very bright. Few of last year's eleven had returned to school; many of the larger boys, though willing to play, were entirely ignorant of the game, and the smaller ones were hardly able to cope with the teams we were scheduled to meet. After a few days of practice, however, we met the Austin High, and, greatly to our surprise, we defeated them.

The first victory put new life into things and set the men to practicing in good earnest, so that when a week later they met the team of the West Division High, they again scored an easy victory. The student body, which heretofore had not shown much disposition to support the team, now seeing that they had an eleven that could win a few games, began to take interest in the games. Our two successes had also the effect of bringing out some of the larger boys as candidates, thus materially strengthening the team, so that when we met the strong Medic eleven from the University of Chicago, we were again victorious and another game was added to our string of victories.

The Alumni of St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kansas, were the next on our schedule. Though the St. Mary's boys were slightly handicapped by lack of team practice, individually they were all skilled players. Each side scored a touchdown.

About this time the team was considerably weakened by the sickness of some and the injuries of others, so that in our games with Lewis Institute and North Division High we were easily defeated.

On November the 21st we met the Marquette College team in Milwaukee. The Marquette boys took ample revenge for their de-

feat of last year. Owing to the fact that Guthrie and Corrigan were injured early in the game, we were playing at a disadvantage. The rest of the team fought gamely to the last ditch, and repeatedly held the Milwaukee boys for downs, even on our one-yard line. Socially the trip was a complete success. The team was treated handsomely, and will long remember the kindness of the Marquette boys.

The final game of the season was with St. Vincent's College on Thanksgiving Day. The team entered the game just a little bit discouraged by the loss of its captain, J. Graber, who, it was hoped, would be sufficiently recovered from a severe cold to take his usual position as quarterback. Dave Guthrie, too, who, by his weight and speed, had hitherto done much to bring us to victory, was prevented from playing by severe injuries received in the last game. Two of last year's eleven, Cronin and Hellgeth, though not playing this year, came out to take part in the final game. They fought bravely and with determination, but the lack of the season's drill and team work counterbalanced their heroic efforts. In the first half of the game neither side scored; in the second St. Vincent's, by small but steady gains, finally merited a touchdown.

Our season's record is four games lost out of nine played.

The line-up of the team for the year was about as follows: Right end, Griffin; right tackle, Devine; right guard, Corrigan; center, Cullen and Dillon; left guard, Doyle; left tackle, Cronin and Lawlor; left end, J. Hechinger; right half, Finnegan; left half, Guthrie and Hellgeth; fullback, R. Prendergast; quarterback, Graber and O'Neil; substitutes, Seger, Trainor, Regan, E. Hechinger.

Two mass meetings were held during the year to arouse the spirit and enthusiasm of the students. The one immediately preceding the Thanksgiving game was especially successful; and the eloquent appeals of our manager, Mr. Justin McCarthy, were loudly applauded and hearkened to. For, with their horns and college banners, the students were an encouragement to the team and a credit to the college.

The college eleven wishes to extend its thanks to Mr. Justin McCarthy, the manager, and to Mr. Quinn, of Georgetown, who gave them much practical advice, and who refereed most of the games. They also wish to thank the second team, captained by J. Hechinger, which so nobly offered itself to be trampled and crushed in order to furnish "a practice game." Many of these "subs," with a year's additional weight and strength, will undoubtedly find places on the college eleven. As most of this year's team will return to college next year, there will be an abundance of material for a strong eleven.

James J. Finnegan, '03.

## The Jug.

Chicago, Jan. 14, '01.

DEAR FRIEND: You mention in your last letter that you are much surprised to learn that a "Jug" is maintained at our college for the special benefit of the students. Horrors! I sincerely hope you have not been misled by my words to think for a moment that we indulge in the favorite beverage of the "Blue Grass State." For although we have a "Jug," it offers little or no temptation to us.

Perhaps you wonder at this and imagine that we are rather out of the ordinary. No, for the contents of our "Jug" are in striking contrast to those of some other jugs, inasmuch as they are certainly conducive to a moral reformation. If you doubt this, just call on Father—(I dare not mention his name), and he may give you a taste of it. Yes, and gratis, too, for there is no niggardliness where the "Jug" is concerned.

Yet this may all sound paradoxical to you, so it is best to come to the point. The "Jug"—how it received this appellation still mystifies me—is an extra session, held after class hours, where all the delinquents gather and do penance for their failings. Nothing terrible, is it? And now with all your illusions dispelled, you can again regard us without any misgiving. Yours respectfully,

John Clifford.  
Humanities B.









St. Ignatius  
Collegian

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St. Ignatius College,

Chicago, Illinois. 1902.

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# St. Ignatius Collegian

CHICAGO

EASTER, 1902

ILLINOIS


**S. I. C.**
**Vacation  
Song**
**Francis B. Cassilly, S. J.**

With joy our hearts are bounding,  
We're happy as the day;  
'Tis ho! for glad vacation,  
for merry song and play.  
O'er lake and winding river,  
Our shallop we shall steer,  
Maroon and Gold forever,  
Our College colors dear.

We weep to-night unbidden tears  
for hallowed joys of passing years;  
Oh, give us back our boyhood days,  
Their golden dreams and artless ways.

Away with thoughts of sadness!  
Bright youth illumines to-day  
The pathway of the future,  
And all the world is May.  
Then sing and shout for gladness!  
Vacation time is here,  
Maroon and Gold forever,  
Our College colors dear.

A blooming flower its fragrance shed,  
The morning sun rose bright and red;  
The flower is dead, the day is done,  
And youth its race will soon have run.

'Tis ho! for glad vacation,  
Then give a ringing cheer;  
Maroon and Gold forever,  
Our College colors dear.

## The Confederation of Catholic Societies.

(Draft of a Speech.)

**L**ADIES and Gentlemen: There was a time when a union of Catholics was not needed. That time was when the Church received the aid of King, Kaiser, Emperor or other ruler. But that time has passed. The Church no longer has a voice in making or enforcing laws either in Catholic or in Protestant countries. You all know what is at present taking place in France, a so-called Catholic country; and you all know that in Protestant countries a Catholic never holds the reins of government. Why? Because he might enforce Catholic principles; he might aid his Church. At present laws can be passed which will be detrimental to the Church, which can oblige Catholic children to attend State schools. It is our duty as Catholics, to prevent the enactment of such laws. How can we do it? This might be a difficult question to answer if applied to all countries. We, however, shall only consider how we can prevent such detrimental laws in the United States.

Many Catholic societies have been formed here. These societies are good in themselves, which assertion we shall verify in a moment. That such societies, however, may act in unison they ought to meet and confer. That is evident. How will this be attained? By a confederation.

First, then, let us understand what a confederation of Catholic societies is; and then the advantage of those societies in making Catholic principles felt by all. We should adopt the confederation because it will increase these societies and because the Pope advises Catholic union.

A confederation in general is a union between two or more persons, bodies, societies, or States. In our case it is a union between societies. What kind of a union? you will ask. The Catholic confederation will be a congress of delegates. These will be sent by the different societies throughout the country. The congress will hold a convention semi-annually. The objects of the confederation and its convention will only be to assert the necessity of the societies; to show what work has

been done in the different communities since the last convention, and to recommend plans. The officers and committees of all the societies do everything in their power to forward the plans suggested in the intervals between conventions. This confederation as set forth to you, ladies and gentlemen, should be adopted for several reasons.

First, you all admit that, individual societies are good. The temptations of men, especially of young men, are great. These societies do their share in drawing them away from such temptations, furnish them amusements and form them into better men, who are determined to see right principles prevail. Having such members they will have influence. Their members will make themselves felt through the press, they will work themselves into State offices and school boards and thus see that no laws harmful to the Church are made. A union of such societies will have more influence than the societies singly, for, "in union there is strength."

According to the American Catholic Quarterly, after every annual convention of the Young Men's National Union or Confederation at Philadelphia a large number of new societies are formed. Since Catholic societies are so good in themselves, an honorable means of increasing them should be adopted. Therefore, the confederation should be adopted.

Besides, societies just formed will, at this semi-annual convention, reap the long experience of other older societies. All will agree to that.

Finally, ladies and gentlemen, I feel that you will be interested in knowing the Pope's opinion of a Catholic union. The Dublin Review, writing on a Catholic party, brings forward this argument, which I will give in substance. In his encyclical letter on "the Christian Constitution of the State," speaking of Catholics, the Pope says they should be united in view and united in action; "voluntatum concordia et agendorum similitudo." The Dublin Review very well says that we cannot be united in action unless we meet and confer. Does this not also hold for Catholic societies? How can they have united action unless they meet

and confer? However, it will be objected, we may be united in view or have the same opinion without conventions. But we may not as well. You see there are two sides to such a question. In order to be sure that we are all of the same opinion we ought to hold a convention. Hence you have a stronger reason for adopting the confederation.

I believe, ladies and gentlemen, an objection raised against this confederation is that it may develop into a Catholic party. When a Catholic party, it will act in opposition to or for the welfare of some political party. It might, for instance, be against the Democrats and for the Republicans. If you argue in that manner you show you do not know what a Catholic party is. According to the Dublin Review, which I will again quote in substance, a Catholic party must be a party united in Catholic principles. In other words, a Catholic party would require that we have like views on such subjects as rationalism, naturalism, the rights of the Church, the independence of the Holy See, education, etc. The members of a Catholic party, however, have the fullest liberty to differ on mere questions of public policy. Such questions would not involve a Catholic principle and hence they would not be matters on which Catholics must agree. The conclusion follows readily that the members may differ as they please on purely political principles. But is not the Democratic or Republican party purely political? I hardly think you would call either of them theocratic or say that in any way they involve religion. Hence the member of the Catholic party may

be Republican or Democrat to his heart's content. If the president of a Catholic party tried to force the members to some merely political opinion, he would not be acting out Catholic principles and could be disobeyed. He would not dare do such a deed; for he would be expelled from office.

But the Protestants will oppose us? Will they not suspect that such a confederation or party is going to harm them? That is not the question. We should only consider whether the confederation or party will benefit its members, make them better men and by so doing benefit the country. We have seen that all this will happen.

There are always two sorts of people, those who eagerly wish to make known their ideas, and those who, because they have gone deep into the search for truth, pause before they commit themselves to an assertion. The former, who are more or less ignorant, among the Protestants will denounce us and show us great opposition. But since they are ignorant the opposition will amount to nothing. The latter, who are wise, we need not fear. They will give all movements consideration. And we are certain a Catholic confederation or party can stand consideration.

So, ladies and gentlemen, having disposed of all objections, objections to Catholic confederation; having shown you that Catholic societies are beneficial; that a confederation will increase them, and that the Pope advises Catholic union, I think I may safely say, by all means let us have the confederation!

John J. Halligan, '02.

## **The Referendum in Municipal Government.**

**O**NE of the most serious problems which to-day confront us in the field of government is met with in the municipality. As the great statesman and author, Mr. Bryce, says, "there is no denying that the government of cities is the most conspicuous failure in the United States." The faults of the State government are insignificant compared to the extravagance, corruption and mismanagement which mark the administration of most of our large cities. The diverse

social interests of men, living in such close relationship as city life requires, have indeed developed a set of difficulties with which our present system of municipal government seems unable to cope. Often, the whole local political machinery is run by the corrupt element who conduct the elections, occupy the available offices and administer municipal affairs to suit their own private ends. And thus it is not uncommon that private corporations, operating profitable public utilities, secure without

compensation valuable privileges while the laboring class are burdened with unjust taxes.

Now, a municipal government clearly violates the liberty of its people, when it takes from them by taxation more than is needed for the economical administration of its affairs or when it distributes burdens or advantages unequally. And it is the privilege—I might almost say the duty—of the people to protect themselves, if possible, against that violation of their liberty; for, that the people have an original right to establish for their future government such principles as, in their opinion, shall most conduce to their happiness is, according to Chief Justice Marshall of the United States Supreme Court, the basis on which the whole American fabric has been erected.

But now the question arises as to what may be done to remedy the evils which I have pointed out as associated with local politics. Some insist that the theory of government is altogether wrong and that the correction of existing evils can only be brought about by Socialism. The weakness of their position has already been demonstrated in a previous number of *The Collegian*. I need only add that the Revolution of 1789 made France Socialistic, and what was the result? Never was France less free; never was woman less honored, or man less safe in his life and property. Again, others recommend that the representative system in local government be entirely abolished and replaced by direct legislation. Reason, however, tells us that this plan is neither wise nor economical, as the business of the municipality is too extensive to admit of its being performed by the people as a whole.

There is a plan of reform, however, which consists merely in avoiding those conditions, which give the politician his power for harm. That plan is known as the "Referendum" system, a system, which I hope to convince you, would be a means of removing many of the inequalities of legislation and other evils associated with municipal politics.

The Referendum may be defined as a submission of laws, whether in form of statute or constitution, to the voting citizens for their ratification or rejection, these laws having first been passed by the peoples' representatives,

assembled in legislature or convention. The idea had its origin in Switzerland, where history tells us, that two hundred years ago, the "delegates from the Swiss Cantons to the early Federal Diets were only empowered to assent to important measures ad referendum," that is subject to the approval of the government which sent them. However, the perfected form in which the Referendum appears to-day is a development of the last century. Becoming part of the Swiss constitution in 1878 with the insertion of the following words: "Federal laws as well as Federal decrees—if not of an urgent nature—must be submitted to a popular vote upon demand of 30,000 qualified voters." This form has been so eminently successful in Switzerland, that it is attracting widespread attention from students of political economy. In the United States especially it has greatly advanced in the popular interest. When, therefore, I advocate its use in our municipalities I am merely urging a new departure for an old and well-established principle.

With the establishment of the Referendum in the municipal government a new power would be placed in the hands of the people, not a dangerous one indeed, for it would be merely passive in its scope; but one that would certainly check corrupt and unlawful legislation. Whenever a certain number of the people might wish a law repealed or a franchise taken away, they would present to the legislative body a petition, signed by a certain number of qualified voters, demanding that a bill embracing the specified measures be prepared and referred to the people for ratification or rejection. Under our present system companies have found the exploitation of certain lines of business, such as the street railways, the gas works and the water works, so profitable in large centers of population, that they can and generally do spare a large share of the profits, for bribing aldermen to grant them valuable privileges. With the Referendum, however, should the city legislature pass measures particularly favorable to these corporations, a resubmission might be immediately demanded and the objectionable law or franchise repealed by direct vote. Thus the moneyed lobby would lose its influence, for what corporation would expend large sums of money in securing



the passage of a measure particularly favorable to itself but injurious to the people when it knew that such measure might be immediately revoked? Thus would the people be able to

impose upon the corporations their just share of the tax burden, and to extricate themselves from the slavish mastery of wealth.

C. F. Conley, '03.

## WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

**W**ITHIN the last few months wireless telegraphy has added large chapters to its history, which is every day becoming more interesting. While it is essentially a modern invention, the principles on which it is founded have been known to scientists for more than half a century. The pioneer in the study of electric waves was the famous American scientist, Joseph Henry. In 1842 he discovered the oscillatory character of electric discharges and proved by experiment that they produced disturbances or waves in ether—the substance which pervades all space—and could be collected at a distance by means of a proper receiver. Mr. Henry even arranged an apparatus to give notice of distant storms.

The next prominent physicist to experiment with etheric waves of electricity was Faraday; his experiments Clerk Maxwell, another English scientist, correlated mathematically. It remained, however, for the German physicist Hertz to determine the theory of electro-magnetic waves and hence these waves are justly called "Hertz waves." Hertz demonstrated that under proper conditions electrical energy can radiate and travel through the ether similarly to and with the same speed as light—186,000 miles a second. Briefly: electric discharges from the knobs of the "oscillator" or transmitter are rapidly propagated in all directions, using the ether of the atmosphere as if it were the conducting wire. Hence the principle of modern wireless apparatus is based on the fact that electricity, like the phenomena of light and heat, is due to short and rapid waves in a medium called ether, the nature of which must be altogether different from any matter with which we are familiar.

We hear little more about aerial telegraphy until June, 1896, when William Marconi, an Italian, applied for provisional protection for "improvements in transmitting electrical im-

pulses and signals and in the apparatus thereof." In March of the next year he filed a complete specification; but his apparatus was yet in a crude form. By the end of the nineteenth century wireless telegraphy was still in an experimental state and the greatest distance of transmission reached was 18 miles.

In December, 1901, Marconi received at St. John's Station, Newfoundland, the letter "S" 20 times from Poldhu, Cornwall, England, a distance of 1,700 miles. The world at large was astonished and Marconi urged on to greater efforts. Scientists brought forth their objections, and by a series of proofs made the wireless telegraph seem a Utopian dream. Nevertheless in February, 1902, the steamer "Kronprinz Wilhelm" received a message when 90 miles at sea. During a trip from Bremen this same ship received from another station the information that a ship had gone ashore and was rescued. Some of the passengers also sent messages; the sea rate being 12 cents a word.

Henceforth the stride of the wireless telegraph is gigantic. Soon 200 miles were electrically bridged and in communication without metallic wires and on March 1, 1902, Marconi received on the steamship "Philadelphia," when 1,551½ miles from the Poldhu Station, the distinct tape-written message, "All in order. Do you understand?" On the same trip a signal was recognized at a point 2,099 miles at sea. All previous efforts were eclipsed and the sending of messages through the air seems now but a question of power and time.

To "wireless" a dispatch we must have a transmitter, the air, and a receiver. At the sending station, an induction coil produces definite electric discharges, at the knobs of an "oscillator." These discharges are conducted to the top of the station, by a high vertical wire or mast, called the "antenna," where they launch forth into the ether, propagating waves



in all directions. At the receiving station these waves travel down another "antenna," to the receiver, which detects the feeble electric waves by means of a very delicate apparatus called the "coherer." In order to read the oscillations the receiver must be attuned to the transmitter which sent them. Marconi devised a simple method for using the "dot and dash" system whereby the long and short oscillations are sorted out automatically by a Morse telegraph instrument.

Of course difficulties were encountered in practice and advanced in theory, but most of them have been successfully solved. The direction of the signal was determined by using a parabolic reflector. The overlapping and confusing of signals due to simultaneous messages, has been remedied by giving different "tunes" to the various stations. Over 250 tunes have been devised and thus another difficulty, the interception of messages, has also been obviated.

Wireless telegraphy promises to be not only

the boast but the boon of the twentieth century. Ships at sea can communicate with each other and with the shore. In fogs and in regions of danger ships can be signalled and warned. Further applications of the invention can also be made for railways and thus make collisions almost impossible.

The expense and difficulties of marine cables will be a thing of the past, for the rates of "wirelessing" will be trifling compared to the cablegram and consequently what has been the luxury of a few will become the convenience of the many. The Atlantic has been spanned and it is hoped to girdle the globe with two instruments, back to back. It is also to be hoped that the invention of Marconi and the airship of Dumont will make war so terrible that peace will be a necessity. If this is realized Marconi and Dumont will be to the first decade of the new century what Pasteur and Roentgen were to the last of the old, and we are glad to say, that, like the latter, they are both Catholics. James A. Griffin, '04.

## True Principles of Education.

**T**HE necessity of a full and complete education and one that will promote the health, welfare and safety of society, is constantly forcing itself upon the public at the present day.

There are many definitions of education, the most common of which is that it consists in the training and developing of the mental faculties. This definition, however, is incorrect. Education in the fullest and truest sense of the word, is all that tends to draw out, energize, develop and harmonize the moral, intellectual and physical faculties of man. This, the true idea of education, includes not only the mental and physical faculties, but the moral as well. It extends to all grades of learning, not to the primary alone, but also to the intermediate and higher. The former definition, which says that education consists in the development of the intellectual faculties alone, is not only false, but incomplete and unphilosophical. It is incomplete because it embraces only the education of the mental faculties, whereas it should extend also to the training

of the heart. It is unphilosophical because it places the secondary before the primary object. The first thing that man should learn is his dependence on God, and obedience to the law of God; but he cannot learn this unless he is given moral and religious instruction. Education, therefore, without religion, makes mere secular knowledge its primary object. True education then does not mean only training in secular branches, but it includes religion also.

The insufficiency of secular education by itself has been well demonstrated in the history of nations, ancient and modern alike. It has ever been a disastrous experiment. What did the lore of ancient Greece and Rome avail them? Did it save them from falling into ruin? Read history and see in what an abyss of infamy and crime their glory ends. In modern times Germany is reaping the harvest resulting from education without religion. There Socialism is gaining ground every day and even the ministers of government admit that the Catholic Church is the only means to prevent it. France, too, is reaping a harvest of

irreligion. But though diseased she is not dead. She was great and glorious when she followed the counsels of the Church. "And when," as some one has well remarked, "she shall have purged away the leprosy of atheism and liberalism, which is the cause of her present evils, she will be great and glorious once more."

Youth is the proper time to instil principles of truth and righteousness into the minds of our future citizens. It is frequently said that first impressions are lasting and hence every precaution should be taken that only those ideals and models be placed before students which will produce lasting impressions of honesty and goodness. In our Catholic institutions of learning there are constantly before the student the life and deeds of departed heroes, the saints of God, martyrs, apostles and confessors, who serve as models of spotless purity and holiness. In State schools, where religion is not only eliminated but ignored, there can be no such models, and there can be no true basis of character, whereas in the Catholic school the student has ever before him ideals of Christian manhood and is taught to honor and emulate them.

Morality, which is the bond of society, is so inseparably connected with religion that society, which has not as a basis the immutable principles of religion, cannot exist. The Catholic Church, the light of ages and the "storehouse of knowledge," as Erasmus has called her, is the only power on earth that has withstood the insidious attacks of atheism, liberalism and infidelity. Society cannot exist without religion. Natural motives are not strong enough to check the passions of man.

Defenders of the State system of education ask why we object to the plan which they have adopted. Is it because the opportunities offered are not equal to those offered by Catholic institutions? No. In many instances the

State schools are amply equipped to give a secular education. It is not so much on account of what they do teach, it is rather on account of what they do not teach, that the Catholic objects to them. It is, as W. J. Bryan has well said, because "the moral element is lacking." Educate the mind without the heart and you have a profound and treacherous villain. You may as well expect to get light from a starless sky or wholesome water from a poisoned spring as to get purity of mind, thought and heart from an institution where God and the law of God are ignored. "Science without religion," it has been said, "is worse than swords in the hands of unprincipled men."

It is, then, on account of the lack of religious training in our State schools that the Catholics of America are at variance with other educators. The Catholic sees many excellencies in the public school, to which he has to give his financial support, but he also knows that, if he would live in concord with the dictates of his conscience, he cannot neglect the religious training of his offspring. There is but one thing to do, and this he does. With the co-operation of his fellows, he erects and supports, with his private means, a school in which his descendants can enjoy the constitutional right of religious liberty and education, a school in which the student is taught all that is noble, good and holy; where he is taught a proper appreciation of worldly goods, and that all things which do not deviate from the path of virtue, may be used as a legitimate means of attaining his ultimate end; where he learns "that while a man who reverences his conscience may not be successful in amassing millions, he will gain a far greater treasure, the love and friendship of God," where, too, he learns that self-restraint and respect for authority are indispensable to society and good government. William E. O'Neil, '02.

## Boat Racing in Japan.

(Kyojoburo Urabe entered St. Ignatius College in February, two weeks after his arrival from Japan. He had studied English five years in his own country and so could make himself understood from the first. He has become a great favorite

throughout the college, but especially in the gymnasium. Though but 16 years old, he is splendidly developed. No one can compare with him at wrestling. He holds forty medals for boating and swimming feats, and he was one of the representatives

of his college in the boat race of which he speaks in the following composition, which is printed just as written by him.)

I know not how good American students are at boating, but if you will kindly listen to me I will tell you about Japanese boating.

In the year 1897, in the month of April, the government of the middle part of Japan, near which is the largest lake of the country, called Biwa Ko, sent a letter to all the colleges in Japan, inviting all the students to take part in boat-racing. A medal and championship flag was to be the prize. It was agreed to hold the race in the summer vacation and the best students from each college were selected to represent their own college. They went to Owsu, which is a city near Lake Biwa, and took lodgings in a hotel near the lake shore, and the

training was begun in this way. They arose at 4 o'clock in the morning and trained till 7 o'clock, then had breakfast, and from 9 o'clock till 11 o'clock, they had a second training, then had dinner and then rested till 4 o'clock. From 4 o'clock till 7 o'clock they trained again. They retired at 9 o'clock and slept well.

The great day came at last for the race. In the first race, twenty-five colleges competed, but my own college and two other colleges were selected for the champion race, and my college was victorious.

The medal and champion flag were presented to our college and we were called the "champions" in boating, and we have never lost our title.

Kyozoburo Urabe,

Preparatory.

## First Glimpses of Spring.

**S**PRING is the most beautiful season of the year. Everybody longs for this season, and this longing fills their hearts with gladness.

In all climates Spring is beautiful, and its first thrill is felt in all nature. The birds begin to sing; they utter a few happy notes, as if opening the chorus, and then wait for an answer from the silent woods. The green-coated frogs make holiday in the neighboring swamps. These are the signs which announce the opening of Spring.

Now the grass shoots forth. The waters in the pools run here and there, glistening in the warm light; and the blood rushes through the veins of everyone in sympathy with the glad-some time. What a thrill of delight in Spring-time! What a joy in being and moving! Men and women are busy with their gardens, and the fresh earth fills the air with a pleasant odor. The leaf buds begin to swell, and the flowers to bloom, and the white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs, and soon the barren orchards, which hide nothing from our view, will completely conceal our cottage. Soon the violet will open her soft blue eyes.

Children will soon be merrily skipping in the fields and gardens, and weaving garlands with which to adorn themselves.

The skies are in high glee, from the changing clouds, showers begin and cease. Impudent little rivulets are pushing their thin forms over every slope, and the children are in ecstasy launching their crafts along their mimic shores. Grass shoots and trees struggle to put on their rich dress and give softness to the scene. There is a soft, velvety touch in the air, and every breeze wakes a feeling of content. Voices of men and beasts ring out merrily to salute the awakening year.

The night is still; no clouds in the heaven to obscure its beauty; no voice is heard in the stillness, even the whispering leaves are asleep. Overhead bends the blue sky, filled with countless stars. And if the sky is cloudy, it is no wild storm of wind and rain, but clouds that disappear in showers. One does not wish to sleep, but lies awake to hear the pleasant sound of dropping rain.

This is how the Spring begins.

Thomas J. Daly, Second Academic B.

## Caught in the Act.



One of the things they do in the Gymnasium.

John Howard.	John Seger.
Anthony Scimeca	Joseph Graber.
Leo Kennedy.	Sidney Blanc.
	John Moore.



## EASTER.

THE dreadful day was passed. Jesus had bowed His sacred head under the weight of His burden, and died. The Jewish rabble had departed and all was silent. Black clouds, like birds of evil omen, still hung in the heavens. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, with Pilate's permission, took the blood-stained body of the dead Savior from the cross and placed His thorn-crowned head on the bosom of His virgin mother. Gently, tenderly, they bore Him to a sepulchre near by and laid Him on the cold stone. Lovingly they straightened the lifeless limbs, and then, closing the tomb, withdrew.

Presently came the soldiers of the High Priest to guard the tomb; for had not Christ proclaimed, He would rise again on the third day, and might not His disciples steal His body and say He had risen? On this account the guards had strict injunctions to permit no access whatever to the tomb of the crucified.

The Sabbath dragged slowly through its hours, and twilight crept gradually upon it, like a panther nearing his prey. The guard

about the tomb was doubled and cautioned to watch more strictly than ever.

As midnight approached, they shivered with an unaccountable fear and apprehension. The wind moaned through the trees and sank in fitful murmurs amongst the sepulchres. But what is that strange, transcendently beautiful light, stronger than the sun, which brightens up the surrounding scene, with startling distinctness, and dazzles their sight? In fear and trembling they turn towards the tomb; and behold! the stone is rolled away, and there, in robes of dazzling whiteness, stands the Crucified, His face shining as the sun. The songs of angels, in triumph and joy, reach their ears. Terrified and bereft of speech, they fall on their faces like dead men. The songs of angels still ring out upon the air, "Alleluia, Alleluia, The Lord hath risen from the dead." They announce the triumph of Heaven over Hell—Christ's victory over sin and death, man's freedom from the bondage of vice and the restoration of the just to life eternal.

Benedict Desmond, First Special.

## His Sad End.

TOM had been a member of our household for the last ten years. He came from a good family and was known for his strength and beauty. Indeed he was a great athlete and, with a little training, would be capable of breaking the world's record. He had climbed every tree in the street and had even jumped from the roof of the barn down into the alley. He ran along the narrow fence at a rate that would have done credit to a race horse, yet he never slipped or fell. When passing in and out of the yard he always hurdled the gate; he had no time to open it.

Though not a bully, every one was afraid of him. He loved to stay at home and could always be seen sitting around the house, engaged in serious thought. In winter the hearth was his favorite place, where he would stay until he grew too warm. He would then get up, walk over to the door to cool off; then

turn around, go back, and fall asleep. In summer his lounging place was between the houses in the cool green grass. Here he would stay, with the refreshing breezes blowing over his yellow head.

But one morning we went down into the basement and found him lying stiff and cold on the floor. A few tears were shed and his remains were buried in a little private cemetery. A headstone was erected, and on it are the words:

Here lies  
Tom Tiger,  
Our Beloved Cat.

Died  
Feb. 19, 1902.

Walter J. Hurley, Second Commercial.



O'Donnell.	Ziegler.	McEvoy.	Carey.	Mallek.	Weeks.	Phee.
Thometz.	Keeler.	Beauvais.	Prof. Roy.	Dargan.	Sullivan.	Riordan.
Byrne.	Kendrick.		Blake.		Ahearn.	Dugdale.

## My First Trip in a Balloon.

**H**URRY! Harry, or you will be too late, he's going, and pretty soon, too."

These were the words which brought me suddenly back to earth, as I lay on the grass looking up into the bright, blue sky, watching a single little cloud sail slowly past far above me.

"Why—what—er—who's going, and what will I be too late for?" I asked, jumping up.

"Didn't Mr. Nicholas promise to take you with him when he went up in that balloon of his again?" said my chum, Rob Morris, who had just come up to the front gate. "He's over there now, near his house, with the balloon, and he is going up pretty soon."

"Why, of course, I know all about it," I said, "but this is not the day, the ascent is to be made to-morrow."

"No, it isn't, it is to-day; so hurry up, we are just wasting time talking."

Off we ran at the top of our speed. Mr. Nicholas' house was about two blocks from ours and we arrived at the vacant lot beside his yard quite out of breath.

Sure enough, there was the balloon just ready to ascend. My aeronaut friend was already ordering the ropes to be cut.

A trip in a balloon does not occur every day in a boy's life, as I well knew, and I was determined to take advantage of this offer. But strange that Mr. Nicholas did not let me know in time. Can it be that he has forgotten his promise, or that, for some reason or other, he has changed his mind, and does not wish me to make the ascent?

The balloon had just risen about four feet, when he shouted to one of the men to cut the remaining rope, which still held it. This rope was about ten feet from where I was standing, and, as the man reached to cut it, I dashed past him and grabbed it, just as he severed it. The minute the rope was cut the balloon gave a jerk, which carried me off my feet, while I still clung to it.

"Let go; drop!" shouted a dozen voices in the crowd, but my senses seemed to have gone from me, for I only held on the tighter. "Drop; drop, before it is too late," rang on all

sides. The balloon was now about twenty feet in the air, and was rising very rapidly. All of a sudden I seemed to realize where I was, and as I glanced down I prepared to jump. Alas! it was too late, the balloon was surely sixty feet high. I couldn't jump now; just then a tug at the rope from above made me look up to see the aeronaut beckoning to me to climb up the rope. I was pretty good at climbing, and, with little difficulty, I made my way slowly upward. The rope seemed twice as long, but at last I reached the basket and with a final effort I swung myself into it.

Once fairly in the basket I would have given five hundred dollars, if I had it, to have been standing in the crowd below.

Mr. Nicholas was probably more surprised than any in the crowd at my actions; he tried to comfort me by telling me not to be alarmed, there was not the least danger. In a short time my nerves calmed down, and I asked him why he did not tell me of his ascension. He replied that his intention was to make another ascension the next day, and it was in this one that I was to accompany him. I now saw my mistake, but he told me it would make no difference; so, I soon stopped thinking about it.

Having become courageous enough to look over the side of the basket, what was my surprise to see, as I fancied, the earth shooting rapidly downward while the balloon, except for a slight swaying motion, seemed almost stationary. Down, down, would it never stop, I asked myself; I began to grow dizzy, everything seemed upside down in my head. I fainted.

When I came to myself again, which was not long after, the fresh, light air having revived me, my fear had entirely left me and I actually enjoyed the sensation.

My companion pointed out to me a small irregular line down on the earth below, which glistened and shone in the sunlight. "Why," I said, "that is the river, isn't it?" "Yes," he said, "and do you see that dark spot to the left of it? That," he said, without waiting for a reply, "is the little valley between those two big hills, where the river turns to the north."

The scene was grand, we could see for miles. There was the river, the little valley, the woods, where the day before I had been shooting squirrels, and there in the distance we could see the little town with its houses and church, whose tall steeple rose above the surrounding buildings, as if it were king of the place.

I was awakened from my reverie by the voice of the aeronaut telling me to prepare for the descent. I hated to go down. I could see in the west the sun a perfect ball of fire, with its beams shining through the clouds which were glowing with every tint and color of the rainbow, the earth below was fast losing its light.

My companion loosened the parachute and we both got on the pole which was our seat.

The balloon was separated from us, and we shot suddenly downward, until the parachute opened. This was the worst part of the trip, as we were in constant fear that on nearing the ground we might light on some house, tree, or even in the river. But all went well; we landed in the middle of a pasture without a scratch and the men in a wagon, who had been watching for us, took us, with the parachute, safely back to the house of Mr. Nicholas, where I was met by my chum, Rob Morris, who threw his arms around me and thanked God for bringing me safely back to earth again.

Do you think I shall ever forget "my first trip in a balloon?"

Eugene E. Mulhern, Second Special A.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

**A**S I was leisurely passing through the library on the 1st of June, A. D. 2000, my attention was attracted to a small bundle, lying on a top shelf and covered with dust. Prompted by curiosity, I climbed upon a chair and took down the curious looking parcel. It was securely bound with heavy black cord, which it took me some time to undo. Finally I was rewarded, and as I blew away the dust I discovered many strangely written papers and envelopes. Astonished at such an unusual sight, I opened the first that came to hand. It proved to be the minutes of the class of First Acad "A" of 1902, in which it was stated that: "Whereas, so many distinguished personages were visiting our city, be it hereby Resolved, by the unanimous vote of the class, to send an invitation to our old friend, Marcus Cicero, asking him to come and spend the Christmas holidays here in Chicago."

Mr. Robert Hoffman was asked to write the letter, and, complying with the wishes of the class, the gentleman on the next day read to them the following:

St. Ignatius College, Dec. 18, 1901.

Mr. M. T. Cicero:

Dear Sir—We, the members of first Acad "A," have lately read quite a number of your

letters, and extracts from your writings, and in this way have come to know you. Our study has also taught us to admire your epistolary style, with its elegant idioms and beautiful constructions, to which our Latin grammar so often refers, that it seems to me if you had written just the reverse, of what you did, it would still praise you.

Since, then, you seem to be the chief arbiter in matters of elegant Latin composition, we have concluded that your mere presence among us and the intercourse of a few days, would assist us more, in this line, than weeks or even months of the study of Latin rules and exceptions.

Now, we do not think, that you have ever seen our large city of Chicago, nor have you ever visited St. Ignatius, where you have been so frequently praised; therefore, desirous of the honor of your visit, and of the profit, we will receive therefrom, in the name of the class, I hereby invite you to come to see us and spend a few days in Chicago. The Christmas holidays will be a very suitable time, as then our city is most beautifully decorated and visitors are numerous.

Moreover, the zero weather we are apt to have at that time will, I am sure, be a relief from the warmer weather you are having in



the climes where you now live.

Hoping that you will soon answer my letter, and not disappoint me, I remain,

Yours truly,

Robert Hoffman, First Acad "A," '02.

When this letter had received the unanimous approval of the class, it was duly copied, directed to Marcus Tullius Cicero, Roman Quarters, Hades, and entrusted to the United States mail, thence by the Dives Plutonic subterranean postal delivery to be delivered to Charon, the ferryman of the River Styx.

As I was deeply interested in what I had read, I determined to pursue my investigations.

The next packet was another copy of the minutes of the class and in it was stated that the committee had prepared a glorious program for the coming of the illustrious guest, and, after patiently waiting for a long time, were grievously disappointed to find that no answer was received. They then made a rigorous investigation, at the postoffice, which disclosed the fact that a letter directed to Marcus Tullius Cicero had been received shortly before Christmas and officially consigned to the aforementioned R. R., but what had later befallen the missive was impossible to discover, as old Pluto, busy with the mail, had no time to spare in giving information.

The third parcel looked exceedingly strange, and its envelope bore weird looking postmarks. Opening it I unclosed a reply from Cicero bearing the inscription of Spirits' Land. It read as follows:

"Hotel Coal Bunkers,"  
Hades, Jan. 1, 1902.

Dear Mr. Hoffman:

I am very sorry that I have disappointed

you and I heartily regret that I could not come. Evidently your mail system is more perfect and the transportation more rapid than ours here; at any rate, your kind invitation arrived after the Christmas holidays too late to allow me to accept.

Most likely your letter would have come here in time, but at the river Styx, Charon, the ferryman, had a long and protracted dispute with Menippus, consequently the incoming mail was blocked and your letter arrived too late. I was talking with some of my friends, among them Caesar, a countryman of mine about this expected trip of mine, and he longed to come with me at some other time.

I hope that my failure to come has not caused any annoyance to you. Thanking the class which you represent for the honor they have conferred upon me, I remain, wishing you prosperity and good health,

Marcus T. Cicero,

Per E. Sullivan.

I could hardly believe the evidence of my senses, yet here in truth was a letter which bore the genuine marks of the land of the dead.

Amazed at what I had read, I laid the letter aside and sat gazing out of the open window at the pretty birds as they merrily chirped and twittered among the bright green leaves of the gently swaying branches of a neighboring elm, when suddenly I was aroused from my musing by the vigorous clanging of the school bell calling to the afternoon's session. Jumping up I rushed from the room and down to the hall where the class of First Academic "A," 1902, was marshaled.

Frederick W. Weeks, First Academic A.

## A Friend in Need.

**J**ACK WHITCOMB was a stout and well-built lad of 18. His chief fault was pride. He thought too much of his prowess and considered himself a better shot and all round hunter than any of his comrades. As a result of this, Jack seldom had a companion in any of his rambles. He rather liked this, for, when he came home with the

skin of some animal, no one could then say that he had received assistance from anyone.

Jack had never hunted any game larger than the rabbit and prairie dog, and he conceived an idea of how grand it would be to return home some day with the skin of a catamount or a grizzly thrown over his shoulder.

As a matter of fact, Jack had once shot and slightly wounded a cougar, but that was when he was out with his father and when he had naught to fear.

As I said before, Jack was quite proud and, when little Joe Lee or any of the other boys passed, he scarcely noticed them. But the time soon came when Jack was glad to have had some of his comrades around to assist him in his time of need. It happened thus:

One morning, when Jack was up at the post-office, he overheard Mr. Reynolds, a wealthy stockraiser of the district, say that he had seen the tracks of a catamount around his corral. When Whitcomb heard this an idea flashed across his mind. Why not set out and kill this prowler and cover himself with glory? He already imagined himself the center of an interested group of spectators, all anxious to hear, from his own lips, the story of the capture. Hurrying home, Jack handed the letters to his father, snatched his hunting coat and rifle and without a word to anyone was off.

It was a beautiful morning in spring. The twittering of the birds among the treetops and the rippling of the brooks, as they dash down the mountain side, had always been sweet music to the ears of Jack. But not so on this all eventful day. He was deeply engrossed in thought, thinking of the time when he would be the pride and envy of the village, thinking of the time when the name of Jack Whitcomb, hunter, would be famous throughout the State.

He thus walked along, keeping his eye open for any signs of the catamount. He thought he was alone in that vast forest, but in this he was wrong. Not far off, at that very instant, stood a young boy, listening to the warbling of the birds and thinking (how very different were the thoughts of these two boys) of the power and greatness of our Almighty Creator, who made all this beauty of nothing. But Joe Lee (for he it was) did not remain in this position more than a minute. A shot, followed by a wild howl, woke him from his reverie.

Before we go any farther, let us look up some of Joe's past history. He was the eldest of a family of four. His father had died while

he was yet a boy. His family were not in the best of circumstances and therefore a great responsibility fell on Joe. He was a devout Catholic and, every time a priest visited the little town, Joe was always ready to serve mass and vespers.

On the day of which we speak Joe also was out hunting, but his was an altogether different sort of game. His mother had sent him out to shoot some rabbit or wild ducks for dinner. So far he had been fairly successful, having bagged three rabbits and two ducks. When he heard the shot, he was on the alert in an instant. Dashing through a clump of bushes he saw a huge catamount, with blood streaming from a wound in his shoulder, standing over the prostrate form of Jack. With a silent prayer, Joe took aim and fired. The catamount uttered a shriek of agony, leapt high in the air and fell down, dead.

Before venturing nearer Joe sent another bullet into the creature's brain. He then stooped over his fallen comrade and felt his pulse. He still lived. Joe ran to a neighboring stream and brought him some water. In a few moments he revived.

Two men just then came upon the boys. They had heard the shots and were seeking to ascertain the cause. With their assistance Jack was brought home. He then told his story.

He had not gone far up the mountain side before he came upon the catamount's tracks; he followed these for some distance, then, all of a sudden, he saw a huge creature bound out of a clump of bushes and come straight for him. Jack fired. Before he could reload the catamount was upon him, and Jack knew no more.

The rest you already know. That night fervent prayers were offered up in the Whitcomb household and many were the thanks and blessings heaped upon Joe. This never-to-be-forgotten event took all the pride out of Jack and ever afterward he and Joe were the warmest of friends.

James Murray, Second Academic A.

## LINES

(On seeing a bust of Homer.)

**F**AIL, silver-mouthed father of the Muse,  
With graven brow and sweetly sounding  
lyre,  
Inventor of blithe song! O thou in whose  
Sublimar strains, bright glows the sacred fire!  
Thou first it was who in thy darkened days  
Hitched up the winds and waves to flowing  
verse,—  
Those beauties of the world which thy blank gaze  
Could ne'er behold, thy deathless songs rehearse.

Or in the shade of Ilium's towering walls  
The great Achilles courseth like a star,  
Or 'neath the glittering arch of Priam's halls  
The white-robed Helen and her consort are.  
The dawn of day, the sun's last purple rays,  
These hast thou blended in thy cherished verse;  
These beauties of the world, which thy blank gaze  
Could ne'er behold, thy deathless songs rehearse.

Frank McDonell, '04.

## The North-King.

**T**WAS a cold winter's night in January  
and, as I sat dozing by the fire, I  
thought that the door opened and a  
man walked in, covered with snow, and look-  
ing as if he were suffering from the cold. He  
said, "Good evening," and sat down in a chair,  
on the other side of the fire. After a while he  
said: "How would you like to go with me  
to visit my home in the North?" And then,  
without waiting for my answer, he caught me  
up and walked off with me. To resist him  
was out of the question. I was powerless.  
This I realized at once.

As he held me very tightly, I felt a chill go  
right through me. The mysterious stranger  
then called something, in a language I did not  
understand, and instantly there appeared eight  
reindeer, drawing a sleigh that seemed to be  
made of polar bear-skins, so thickly was it  
covered with them.

He wrapped me warmly in these skins and  
then gave another cry to the reindeer, which  
started running as fast as they could. But in-  
stead of running on the ground they appeared  
to be moving through the air. As we went  
farther and farther, it grew colder, and when  
we stopped, it was so cold that I could hardly  
bear it.

My companion then took me out, wrapped  
as I was in the furs, and carried me to a door,  
which he pushed open and entered. He laid  
me down on a couch and hurried back to the

door again, to call his reindeer. They came  
at once, obedient to his summons, and went  
over to a corner, where I had noticed eight  
stalls.

Then my strange companion came over and  
sat down near me, and told me the following  
story: "Maybe you know who I am, by this  
time. I am the North-King, and you are in  
my palace. I have many winds penned up in  
that room, from which you hear such strange  
noises. Every year I take my winds and  
travel south, freezing the ground and putting  
a coating of ice over rivers and lakes. Even  
the merry fountain does not escape me, but  
during my reign it is hushed and no one hears  
its sweet music until my brother, the South-  
King, comes again to undo all my work.

"My favorite sport at this time is to roam  
over my dominions, and set at liberty my  
many fierce and roaring winds. My delight is  
to watch them as they go racing over the  
frozen earth, biting everything, and killing the  
flowers and trees in their way."

With these words the North-King took me  
by the hand and led me through his palace,  
showing me everything there was to be seen.

But suddenly I felt a cold chill come over  
me, and woke up only to find myself in my  
chair by the fire, which had gone out while I  
was dreaming this pleasant dream.

Stewart Bates, Third Academic A.

## Virgin and Child.

### A Reproduction.

**B**ENEATH a spreading maple tree,  
'Mid Nature's beauties wild,  
There stood a pretty statue once  
Of Mary and the Child.

And here there came on pleasant nights  
A winsome little boy,  
A gentle child of summers few,  
Who 'rollicked 'round with joy.

He romped and frisked with childish glee,  
And capered o'er the green.  
He skipped and sang in high delight,  
By all, save God, unseen.

One eve he said to Mary fair:  
"Give Jesus down to me,  
And here among the flowers bright  
Most happy we shall be."

"I'll give to Him some blossoms sweet  
And daisies fresh and white."  
Thus to the Virgin spoke the boy  
That balmy summer's night.

'Tis said Our Lady heard the prayer  
Of one so free from guile,  
And placed her Son upon the ground  
To play with him awhile.

So side by side they roamed about,  
These happy lovers true,  
And plucked bright flowers and berries ripe  
That in the meadows grew.

And side by side they roved the dells,  
Where murmured soft the brook,  
Where daffodils their golden heads  
To the balmy breezes shook.

Thus joyfully they spent their time,  
Whilst angel choirs above  
Distilled soft notes from golden harps  
And sang sweet songs of love.

\* \* \* \* \*

This simple tale a moral brings  
To mortals here below.  
It tells that Mary on the pure  
Her favors will bestow.

That Jesus, too, will not disdain  
Companionship with those  
Whose deeds lend savor to their lives  
As perfume to the rose.

James F. Rice, '05.

## Little Squaw-Heart.

**O**NE bright summer afternoon little Redfeather and his companions went out to amuse themselves on a high bluff near their village. Redfeather did not join in the boys' games. He preferred to race up and down with his pet puppy, near the edge of the cliff. In the midst of their play the puppy stumbled and fell over the brink of the bluff. And when Redfeather and his friends had descended by a roundabout way they found the dog bleeding and writhing on the rocks below. In a few moments the poor animal groaned and lay still, and they knew that it was dead.

Then, as he looked at his dead pet, great,

silent tears gathered in his eyes. And his playmates jeered at him and called him Squaw-heart. Because of this the heart-broken lad turned from them and went to the river, where he got into his canoe and paddled away; for he wished to be alone. When he had reached the middle of the stream he drew in his paddle and allowed his boat to drift, while he brooded over his sorrow. At length, wearied by his grief, and lulled by the afternoon heat, he fell asleep.

When he woke, he was surprised to find that his canoe was lodged in some driftwood near the shore, and that the moon was shining brightly on the broad river. Just as he was



making ready to paddle out his quick ear caught the sound of many light footsteps among the trees near the water, and he stopped to listen. He heard a low voice say, "Is that a canoe down there in the shadow?" Another voice answered: "No, it is only a log. Let us hurry; we have no time to waste."

Redfeather recognized the language as that of a neighboring tribe, which was hostile to his own. His first impulse was to lie still in his canoe, until they should have passed on, for he knew that if they saw him they would certainly kill him. Then the thought came to him that they were on the way to surprise his tribe and destroy its village. If he could paddle home quickly enough he could give warning. There was not much chance of his getting past his enemies, for they would follow the shore, and could not fail to see him in the bright river. But he would try. So he picked up his paddle and glided quickly out from the shadow.

He had hardly gone thirty feet when an arrow whizzed past him and struck the water;

another struck on the other side, and he put all his might into his strokes. Then arrows fell all around him. One grazed his ear, a dozen pierced his canoe, and at last, when they began to fall behind him, one bit deep into his shoulder.

Finally the shots ceased; but even then he did not dare to pause, for he knew that there was not a moment to spare. On and on he paddled, though he grew dizzy from exhaustion and loss of blood. And when, after a weary hour of effort, he had stepped unsteadily from his boat and had staggered to his father's wigwam and had given his warning, he fell into a deep faint, so that they thought him dead.

When the hostile tribe reached the quiet village they were attacked from behind and defeated with great slaughter. After that night the Indian boys never jeered at Redfeather, nor called him Squaw-heart; instead, they envied him, and named him "Scar in the Shoulder."

John D. Reynolds,  
Third Commercial.

## The Awakening.

**S**PRING, with all the beauty of her fairy court, is now in our midst; and her courtiers, a following of laughing elves, have begun their happy services.

At first the sprites, with great ease and celerity, approach a glassy rivulet and free it from the icy grasp of Winter, lingering just long enough to watch it dance along, babbling gratefully, with a merry swirl and ripple. Forthwith they wend their way to hill and dale, ornamented with pearly snow-drops, and, dissolving those frosted jewels, they spread instead a carpeting of green.

The influence of their activity is now made more strikingly apparent: for those wonderful gems with which nature has lavishly studded the earth are drawn out into graceful shapes and colored daintily by a touch of their elfish wands.

The sun, in all his effulgent beauty, beams down in gracious acknowledgment of the change wrought by these fairy workmen.

At the same time the little birds, cozy

tucked up in their own feathers, are gently whispered to by flitting zephyrs, and in answer, warble blithsomenly in the rich language of the sky, caroling forth golden notes of perfect happiness and contentment.

Hearing such heavenly melody, in their green cradle, those snug folded petals which the fairies had not wakened from their dreams, timidly peep through "their leafy coverlets," and, gently pushing aside their emerald curtains, come forth blushing to see these exquisite musicians.

Then, growing bolder, they unite their fragrant breathings with the harmony in the air around them.

Thus by the magic of Spring's cheerful sylphs, new life issues from the earth in various forms.

Like the awakening of a decaying root, when it blossoms forth a blushing bloom, was the Resurrection of our Lord. He was lying in the tomb under the power of that somber being Death, when suddenly a slight quiver

traversed the sacred remains; then the blood leaped forward exultingly through its channel, the heart beat again with redoubled animation, the brain renewed its activity, the bosom heaved, warmth and color returned, the eyes

brightened, the limbs moved with new vitality and He sprang rejoicing into the sunshine of Easter morning.

Charles Byrne,

First Academic B.

## **The Freaks of Jack Frost.**

**J**ACK FROST is the name of that sly individual, who causes boys and girls and even old folks to muffle up well before venturing out of doors. No one knows where he lives, but I think he is related to the Snow-fay and lives with the Winter wind. He is the same fellow that forms weird pictures on the window panes, and nips our noses, ears, and toes. Though a merciless tease he is not unkind.

True, he compels the robin and the other summer birds, to go south or to beg their food, looking wistfully in at our windows, but then he binds the neighboring brook in a coat of mail.

He is a friend of mine. His step is light, and his cheek is as ruddy as the morn. patiently for Jack's coming, that he may take his crop to market and receive a good price for it.

On the other hand, his neighbor who has a cranberry marsh, is in constant dread lest Frost may appear before he has gathered his fruit; for he knows only too well that the untimely advent of this mischief-maker means the ruin of his crop.

He makes a warm blanket for the summer woods, and the farmer's field of wheat, and makes plump the autumn grain.

When his fairy fingers touch the foliage, all nature bursts into a vivid blaze of coloring, which is rivaled only by the glorious sunsets of our land.

He dresses the trees in a garment so bright that they dazzle the eyes of the beholders, and, best of all, he ushers in our winter sports, so healthful and agreeable.

But who ever succeeded in pleasing everybody? Surely not Jack Frost! And so while he receives a hearty welcome from some, he is looked upon as a pest and dreaded by others. The Northern farmer, for instance, who has a large number of chestnut trees, waits im-

As a parting tribute to his memory we will say, with Mackay:

"Pile up the fire and ere he go,

Our blessings on his head shall flow,

For dear old Jack Frost bleak and sear,

Is friend and father of the year."

William Spain, Second Special B.

## **Harry's Experience with a Bottle of Shoe Dressing.**

**H**ARRY was a little boy 6 years old. A new kind of shoe dressing had come into use. Harry's mother bought a bottle and polished Harry's shoes and her own, and then put it away carefully, on the top shelf, out of Harry's reach.

That afternoon Harry's mother had company and Harry was dressed in his white duck suit. While his mother was entertaining her

company in the parlor, Harry managed to climb to the top shelf and secure the nice bottle, which had a sponge attached to the cork. He thought he would like to try it. He stole out to the summer kitchen, where he would not be disturbed. He found he could not get the cork out, after trying three or four times, so at last he gave one hard pull, and out came the cork and shoe dressing, and shot all over

his face and white duck suit and even splashed upon the white wall.

Just then Harry heard his mother coming and he dropped the bottle and ran. When she saw the wall splashed with blacking, she thought Harry had been trying to paint the wall with the good shoe dressing. She started after Harry, who had run out into the yard,

and brought him back. Harry had tried to wipe it out of his eyes and so smeared it over his face.

Harry had to have his clothes changed and his face washed, and his mother put him to bed. I don't think Harry wanted to try shoe dressing soon after that.

Harold McClintock, Preparatory.

## HERNANDO CORTEZ.

We are strikingly impressed by the many different characters, which appear upon the vast stage of life. It would seem as though the world's history were one great drama, and that each person contributes his part to the success of the play. Some of these inspire us with sympathy and admiration, while from others we turn away in disgust. Some, again, perform great and brilliant exploits, but their base motives diminish their glory.

In the former class Cortez stands conspicuous. How every Christian should rejoice that the all-wise and just God raised up such a heroic, and at the same time blameless man! What pagan, what Caesar, or Hannibal, has left such a wonderful record, or possessed such a beautiful character, or had such pure motives to animate his actions?

After a few years of preparation and development Cortez went forth to fulfill one of the greatest destinies upon the pages of history.

He possessed that instinct which is characteristic of all great men, that is, "to be a hero in the strife." Despite the clouds of meanness and envy, which tried to conceal his abil-

ity and lofty character, he obtained permission to attempt the conquest of Mexico.

Envy, prejudice, and all that is small in man's nature, urged the Cuban governor to recall Cortez. But the latter, recognizing his destiny, trusting in God and St. James to aid him in spreading the light of faith, boldly refused to comply.

What is more striking than his glorious career, in the succeeding conquest? Consider a settled empire, with a standing army of two hundred thousand men, invaded by six hundred ardent spirits, arresting the emperor in his own palace. Remember also the sacrifice of human life and the revolting worship practiced in that country. Horror-stricken at such acts, our hero, by his mighty genius, lion-hearted courage, inconceivable foresight and trust in God, succeeded in planting the standard of the cross upon the palace of the Montezumas.

Were I to write volumes on this great man, I could not do him justice. Let it suffice to say he was an honor to his nation, a lofty example to posterity and a noble servant of his God.

Francis J. Foley, First Special.

## Herbert Wilson's Elevator.

**H**ERBERT WILSON, besides being the poorest boy in the village, was also the most ambitious. He was always inventing things. And when he got through he would have them around the house, in his aunt's way. Herbert's parents died, when he was but 3 years old, and as he had no other relations, he was dependent

upon his Aunt Sally. Aunt Sally was one of that close, hard sort of people, who think boys are of no good except to work, and she had already got enough work out of Herbert, to pay for all the food or clothing she gave him. She always said Herbert was a nuisance around the house. And when he took to inventing, she nearly went crazy. One night

Herbert made a jack-o-lantern and left it lit in the kitchen all night. During the night his aunt got up and went to the kitchen, to see if the door was securely locked. The first thing she saw was the glaring eyes of the lantern, and she nearly fainted.

Winter was near at hand, and Herbert wanted a new pair of shoes badly, but his aunt thought the pair he had would do until Christmas. About this time Herbert had made a small elevator that ran from the garret to the cellar. He made two trap doors in an unused part of the house—one through the second floor, and one through the garret floor. He then fastened a small seat between two ropes, while two more ropes hung on either side. When the elevator was not in use, the two last ropes were fastened, but when you wanted to use it, you untied the rope, and, getting in the seat, let yourself down.

One cold night in November, Herbert returned from work, expecting a good warm supper, but his aunt told him he had to go to a neighbor, about two miles away, on some small errand. He went on his journey nearly barefooted, and he hardly hoped to be back until 11 o'clock. Two hours after he had gone, Aunt Sally went to bed, but she was very nervous about Herbert and moved by a kind impulse, placed a lighted lamp on the table, never noticing that it stood very near a pile of needlework, she had been working on that day. At 9 o'clock a violent wind arose, and by 10 o'clock a terrific storm was raging. Aunt Sally was awakened by the storm and noticed the smell of smoke. Hurrying to the head of the

stairs, she saw a mass of flames seething and roaring in the room below.

Her escape in that direction was cut off, and she could not escape from the windows, because they were barred. She had always been afraid of robbers and, as she had a little money, she had bars placed upon all the windows. She had keys for the bars, but she could not think where they were. In this extreme peril, with the roar of the fire growing louder and louder, and the floor under her feet beginning to get hot, she suddenly thought of Herbert's elevator. Hoping, yet fearing, she hastened towards the rear of the house, and how her heart beat with joy, when she saw that the elevator was unharmed. How glad she was now, that she had listened when he explained its use to her.

Opening the trap door, she looked down and saw that she had yet time to make her escape. With trembling hands she untied the ropes and, seating herself in the seat, descended slowly through the smoke to the bottom floor. Luckily, the key was in the back door and, going out into the storm, she made her way to the house, whither she had sent Herbert. She arrived there at about 2 o'clock, more dead than alive, and found Herbert there, afraid to come home, but much worried about his aunt.

That fire seemed to have softened her heart towards Herbert and with the money she saved she built a new home, while after that Herbert was never in want of such a small thing as a pair of shoes.

Thomas C. Sheely, Second Commercial.

## A Boy's Idea of Lent.

George Horigan went to High Mass, the Sunday before Lent. The priest had for his sermon, "The Duties of a Christian During Lent." He explained its meaning origin, and the numerous ways of keeping it.

George selected these resolutions to keep during Lent. "I have been accustomed to eat candy daily and to drop this for forty days will be a penance for me. I become angry very often during the day and sometimes at

trifling things. I resolve, then, to try with the best of my powers to subdue this passion as much as possible. There is one thing I must do in preference to all others, and that is before I go to work to assist at the holy sacrifice of Mass every morning during Lent."

These and many other such thoughts passed through his mind. At length the eve of Ash Wednesday came, which marks the beginning of that holy season, which the disciples of the



devil dread. George had everything prepared for the morning; every thing appeared bright to him. Why, it seemed to him to be clear sailing; but to his surprise and that of many others he woke up to find eight inches of snow on the ground and the wind blowing the snow in high drifts.

George paid little or no heed to this obstacle but waded through the snow for a distance of ten blocks. He arrived at church on the stroke of 6 and Father Conway had just begun the Mass. There were about ten persons present, the customary number being forty or fifty on other days.

Thus did he start Lent. That night after working hard all day he was glad to get into bed early. He took the words of Father Conway to heart and they meant a great deal, too; they were: "It is not for how you begin Lent that God rewards you, but for how you have persevered."

Ash Wednesday morning proved that George was on the right path; going to and from work, he passed numberless candy stores. The candy appeared more tempting than usual; he succeeded in not breaking his resolution till about the fourth week when he was urged by a secret voice that he must have some candy or he would die. At length he indulged: "Now, I have broken my resolution," he said. Then it was that the devil began to play a part in the drama of his life.

George began to say to himself: "Now that I have partaken of it, I might as well continue." Then he thought of those words of Father Conway and the voice of the good angel began to urge—not exactly to urge, but to point out the good of trying again. He once more resolved to give up eating candy during the remainder of Lent, and he kept it in spite of all temptations.

His anger was a serious defect in a good many ways, and this he knew well; therefore he was going to try to subdue this passion.

While at work one day a boy in the factory vexed him somehow or other, and he "punched" the boy. This sudden outbreak of anger cost him dearly. That night, after work, he had to defend himself with all his power. The result of the affair was that each had a black eye and George retired with a very downcast spirit, to think he had broken his second resolution. He arrived home just at supper time. "You are late to-night, George," said his sister. Coming into the dining room, his big sister began to laugh. "Ha! Ha! You have been fighting." "That I have, as you may see,"—all the time checking his temper, for he wished rather to answer by saying, "Well, I was fighting and received the beating not you; can't you mind your own business?"

Now George had broken his second resolution, but a few hours ago and a short time after, under more trying conditions, subdued that passion of anger. It was on this occasion that he deserved credit; for you know as well as I do that it is a very great trial not to get angry when your sister makes fun of your misfortune.

Then Easter Sunday came; the day on which the Lord rose from the tomb. He approached the sacraments with a contrite heart for all his sins. He asked himself: "Have I persevered throughout this Lent?" The voice of conscience answered, "Yes."

That day his mother asked him what he thought about Lent. He said: "The truth is, I never expected it would be so hard, as it has been, to keep my resolutions, but I can say I succeeded fairly well." Such was the Lent of George Horigan. Lent for an earnest Christian will not be easy; trials beset every one. Such was the case with George; for many and many times he was tempted to break his resolutions; for the devil and his angels hate that which tends to save the soul of man.

James H. Guthrie, Second Academic B.



## The Seasons.

### SPRING.

**I**N the zephyrs I feel the sweet presence of  
Spring,  
That will break the dread spell that has blighted  
the earth;  
'Neath the rude wand of Winter the cold, cruel king  
Of the North, that has blasted the blossoms in  
birth.

Renewed in their youth, leap the cool, flowing rills;  
And the brooks that from ice and from snow are  
set free,  
Now are rushing in gladness o'er meadows and  
hills,  
As onward they go to the far distant sea.

The pastures are green and the trees are in bloom,  
And the bees sip the honey from nature's first  
flow'rs.  
Gone is the sadness of Winter's white tomb,  
And the birds sing their matins in blossoming  
bow'rs.

### SUMMER.

**S**HADY woodlands, cooling showers,  
Cheer the sultry Summer hours;  
Herds are panting in the glade,  
Swains are lounging in the shade;  
Tollers in the busy town  
Wear the marks of labor brown.

### AUTUMN.

**E**LD winds are blowing and hushing the  
song,  
Where in the woodlands the green leaves among,  
Sang to the morning the robin his lay,  
Tuning to gladness the Summer's long day.  
Shorn of their pride the gaunt forests now stand,  
As if dread famine had ravaged the land.

### WINTER.

**U**PON the meadows and the hills,  
Bleak winter casts a gloom.  
Fair Nature's treasures, arts and hopes,  
Lie buried in the tomb,  
Save what in barns has safely stored,  
The busy, toiling swain  
Of Springtime's seed and Summer's growth  
And Autumn's golden grain.

Paul B. Drevniak, '05.

## Out on the Wrong Side of the Bed.

I don't think that one side of a bed is different from the other, as far as getting in or out is concerned. I guess, when people say, "getting out on the wrong side of the bed," they mean that on certain days, for some reason or another, everything seems to go wrong. Well, if that is what the expression means, a little friend of mine must have "got out on the wrong side of the bed" last Wednesday. Here's what happened to him, just as it occurred:

"John-ee! John-ee!" It was a bright May morning, when this call was borne up the stairs to little Johnny's bed-room. His mother was calling him so as to be on time for school. Little Johnny got up, rubbing his eyes; for he was mad to be called up, just as he had begun to doze off. In a half-sleepy manner, he went over to the hook, on which his clothes were hung; but did not see the stool in the middle of the room. In a twinkling, he was sprawling on the floor,—fully awake now, if ever he was.

"What's next, I wonder," he muttered under his breath, as he put a patch of court-plaster on his injured knee. He went over to the stool, and, opening the window, he sent it flying down into the yard; only to hit his father's hired man, who was milking the cow. The hired man, with a yell, that might have come from an Apache Indian chief, jumped about three feet into the air, knocking over the pail of milk, and making the cow run away.

Just then Johnny's father appeared on the scene, and seeing what Johnny had done, although purely an accident, punished him very severely for giving way to his temper.

Johnny now wanted to make up his toilet: so he went over to the basin; but to his dismay, he found it empty. That meant for him a trip to the pump, which was on the other side of the barn. Well, he had to have water, if he wanted to wash; so off he trotted to the pump behind the barn. He got the water, and was returning, when the dog, who was glad to

see him, followed him up the stairs. Johnny was about half way up, when the dog ran between his legs, and down went the whole trust—pitcher, water, dog, and boy. It was a fine instance of rapid transit.

Hearing this thundering racket, Johnny's father came running out to see if the roof were coming down over their heads or not. As the stairs were short, there was no mortality; but these were some of the casualties: a bloody nose, a few teeth knocked out, or rather in, face and hands cut, wind at a premium, etc., etc., etc.

After his mother had plastered and bandaged him, and rubbed his injured parts with Omega Oil and Witch Hazel, he was carried up to bed; and after they had carefully tucked him in under the covers, these few significant words were heard to come forth from between swollen lips: "Out on the wrong side of the bed."

Lawrence McHale,

Third Academic.

## A Visit to the Board of Trade.

**O**NE of the principal places of interest in Chicago is the Board of Trade. Although I have been present at a great number of its sessions, I still find it an interesting place in which to spend an hour or so.

I will try to describe the busy scene which I witnessed there yesterday.

Entering the Jackson street door I saw the brokers standing about in small knots, or hurrying from one group to another, all the while talking excitedly. I walked up the broad stone steps leading to the visitors' gallery. For some time I sat there musing, when suddenly I was startled by the hoarse, brazen clang of a bell—the signal for the commencement of business. The answering roar, that came up from the "floor" drowning the echoes of the bell, told more plainly than words, that this was to be a busy day.

I looked over the railing at the scene below. Messenger boys rushing hither and thither, brokers tearing themselves out of the mass in the "pit," giving a hurried glance at the bulletin-board and rushing back again,—all combined to make up this seeming chaos. The scene in the "pit" resembled that of a kennel when the master enters with a dish of meat—the leaping upward of hungry animals. I saw before me a sea of faces surge and whirl like the maelstrom in the ocean, flushed hot faces and fiercely gleaming eyes, like those of a jungle beast about to rend his prey. It was like Babel with its wildly shrieking crew. What is it that transforms this crowd of staid, dignified men into a mass of inarticulate sounds and waving arms? A few grains of wheat, corn or oats, which can be exchanged for that root of all evil—Gold.

M. A. Brady, First Commercial.

## La Rabida.

(Lines suggested by the relic of the World's Fair in Jackson Park.)

Beneath the azure skies of sunny Spain,  
Upon a lonely cliff hard by the sea,  
La Rabida stands in solemn majesty  
And dreams of days gone by, alas! in vain,  
Oh, peaceful hours that ne'er shall come again.  
Within her fruitful gardens monks once strayed  
And told their beads, and in the chapel prayed;  
Her cloisters echoed many a pious strain.  
How like our own lives pictured in a story,  
This lonely convent on that rugged height—  
To-day we dream of wondrous deeds of glory,  
The morrow leaves us but a memory bright.  
Then Winter comes with age so grim and hoary,  
And swiftly from our hearts the dreams take flight.

Martin J. McEvoy, '02.

## LANGUAGES.

### Der Regentropfen.

GERMAN VERSION OF "THE DROP OF WATER."

... Addison ...

BY A STUDENT OF THE FIRST GERMAN CLASS.

Es war einmal ein kleiner Regentropfen, der von einer Wolke durch die Lüfte getragen wurde.

Er fiel aus derselben in die Tiefen des Meeres und wurde ein Spiel der Wellen.

Da empfand er wie klein und gering er gegen das große, gewaltige Meer sei. Er sah ein daß er der Welt nichts nützen könnte, daß er ein zu kleines und schwaches Geschöpf sei. Als er dieses alles erwog, kam er auf den Grund des Meeres an, und eine Auster verschluckte ihn.

Da lag er nun eingeschlossen in der Schale, und wurde härter und härter. Nach langer Zeit wurde

er eine Perle. Endlich kam ein Taucher und holte die Auster herauf.

Nun begann für den kleinen, in eine Perle verwandelten Regentropfen, eine neue und ereignißvolle Zeit. Man nahm ihn aus der Schale und viele Menschen erfreuten sich an seiner Schönheit. Er kam in viele Hände, bis endlich der König von Persien von seiner Schönheit hörte und beschloß mit ihm seine Krone zu schmücken.

Wer hätte daß wohl gedacht, das aus so einen kleinen und winzigen Regentropfen eine so herrliche und schöne Perle werden könnte, und daß er als solche das Diadem eines Königs schmücken würde?

Diese kleine Erzählung zeigt uns daß auch aus den kleinsten und geringsten Dingen etwas großes und herrliches werden kann.

Clemens Demes.

### What About French?

FROM THE FIRST FRENCH CLASS.

Allez où vous voudrez, en Allemagne, en Angleterre ou aux Etats-Unis, si vous connaissez bien le français vous n'aurez aucun mal à vous faire comprendre.

Louis Beauvais.

Quelle belle langue que cette langue fran-

çaise, la langue maternelle de Veuillot, de la Fontaine, de Mme de Sévigné; comme elle semble harmonieuse quand on l'entend parler.

Sidney Blanc.

J'aime beaucoup étudier le français et je suis de l'opinion de M. Hamel, quand Daudet



lui fait dire que la langue française est la plus belle du monde, la plus solide et la plus pure.

Michael Brady.

Le français est la langue du catholicisme. Le christianisme que la France a toujours défendu lui a donné une langue faite pour la logique, pour la vérité, la langue de l'âme.

Hector Brosseau.

J'ai trouvé la phrase française plus claire, que celle des autres langues que j'ai jusqu'ici étudiées. Elle exprime la pensée de telle façon qu'il est impossible de ne pas la saisir.

Louis Brosseau.

Le français a toujours eu pour moi un charme que je ne saurais définir. Comme les langues anciennes, dont il est dérivé, il possède une mélodie, dont on ne se lasse jamais.

John Clifford.

Oh France, tu pourras toujours exiger du monde son admiration pour ta belle langue et la proclamer sans crainte le langage cher à Dieu.

Barth Daly.

Je suis d'opinion que pour arriver à apprécier le français, trois années d'études consciencieuses sont nécessaires, même quand on connaît le latin.

John Halligan.

J'ai appris le français en même temps que l'anglais. Aussi je l'aime beaucoup.

John Keeler.

Je répète avec Veuillot: "Pour le bien parler, il faut avoir dans l'âme un fonds de noblesse et de sincérité."

Frank McDonnell

Ne connaissez-vous pas le français, la plus belle et la plus douce des langues modernes, la seule qui nous rappelle le grec, le résumé de tout ce qui est noble et de tout ce qui inspire.

Vincent McDonnell.

La langue française, le porte-parole du catholicisme, est bien digne des louanges que tous s'unissent pour lui donner.

James Murray.

## "Electra"

COMPOSITE WORK, ON SPANISH LITERATURE, BY THE SPANISH CLASS—1902,  
OF ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE.

"Gracias á Dios que la Fé de nuestros padres triunfa una vez más".—Leemos en los periódicos, el imprecendente éxito conseguido por este drama moderno, escrito por el anciano y bien conocido escritor español Perez Galdos. Y así mismo vemos que la concepción de dicho, drama por el público, es errónea, ó su éxito no sería tan ruidoso.

No tenemos tiempo suficiente para leer todas las obras de un autor en el limitado espacio, dado á nosotros para aprender la lengua española; pero cuando asuntos importantes ocurren, tales como el efecto de "Electra" sobre el público, nuestro profesor le explica á la clase el carácter é índole de las obras del autor en cuestión, y nosotros formamos neutras conclusiones.

En este caso estamos ciertos de que Perez Galdos nunca intentó atacar la fé de sus padres, que es la fé suya propia, sino que á causa del estado exitado del espíritu público aquellos que se llaman "modernos" ó "avanzados", trataron de crearle una atmósfera

falsa, prontamente dispersada por el poderoso sol de la verdad y de la virtud; la ardiente fé de la mayoría del pueblo español.

Es un hecho, que el endeble varniz de agnosticismo dado á "Electra" por un grupo de revoltosos, ha desaparecido; y el drama queda, hoy, como una perla literaria; con el estigma sobre el ignorante Tutor; porque las personas de todas denominaciones pueden tornarse ultramontanas ó santurronas, bien sea por ignorancia ó bien por malicia; y nosotros atribuimos su maldad á la ignorancia.

La mayoría del pueblo español vá hoy al teatro á ver "Electra", porque es una joya literaria y no porque es agnóstica; y el gozo de esta victoria de la fé y la sensatez, sobre un rasgo de locura innecesaria, lo expresamos con las sinceras palabras que actúan como encabezamiento á este artículo.

"Gracias á Dios que la fé de nuestros padres triunfa una vez más" Finnegan, Carrington, Schiller, Smith, Crowley, Staudy-Ximenez.

#### Translation of the Above.

"Thanks be to God that the Faith of our Fathers has triumphed once again."

We read in magazines of the unprecedented success attained by this modern drama, written by an old and well-known Spanish author, Perez-Galdos. And we also see that the public have an erroneous conception of this drama, otherwise its success would not be so noisy. We have not sufficient time to read all the works of an author, in the limited space given to us to learn Spanish, but when serious matters occur, such as the effect of *Electra* upon the public, our teacher explains to the class the character and meaning of the author in question, and we form our conclusions.

In this case we feel sure that Perez Galdos never intended to attack the faith of his forefathers, which is also his own, but, on account of the excited state of the public mind, in

Spain, those who call themselves "modernos" or "avanzados," have endeavored to create a false atmosphere, which has been quickly dispersed by the powerful sun of truth and virtue, the strong faith of the majority of the Spanish people. In fact, the thin veneer of agnosticism given to *Electra* by a lot of agitators, has worn away and the drama stands to-day a pearl of literature, whatever stigma there is on it falling upon the ignorant tutor: For persons of all denominations are liable to become bigoted, either through ignorance or malice, and we attribute his wickedness to ignorance.

The majority of the Spanish people to-day goes to the theater to see *Electra* because it is a gem of literature, and not because it is agnostic. Our joy at this victory of faith and common sense over wanton heedlessness we express in the sincere words that act as a heading to this article.

#### Letter From the Queen of Spain.

Mr. Ximenez our genial Professor of Spanish evidently stands high in favor with the polished court of Spain. Having sent a copy of his latest Spanish work to the Queen Regent, he received the

following letter from Her Majesty. Our readers will thank us for giving the communication in its original Spanish.

Madrid 22- de Enero -de 1902-

Mayordomia Mayor de S. M.—Particular.

Señor Don Fernando Staud y Ximénez

Muy Señor mio y de mi consideración;

He tenido el honor de poner en manos de S.M. la Reina Regente, el interesante ejemplar-modelo del "Centiloquio de Santillana"

que tan delicadamente dedica á la augusta Señora, quien me encarga le dé las más expresivas gracias en su Real nombre.

Con este motivo tiene el gusto, de ofrecerse muy atentamente su seguro servidor—q. b. s.m.

P. El DUQUE de SOTOMAYOR—

#### (Translation)

Office of the Chief of the Royal Palace—Private—

Fernando Staud y Ximénez Esq:—

My Dear Sir, and of my highest consideration;

I have had the honor of placing in the hands of H.M. the Queen Regent, the interesting "special copy" of the "Centiloquio of Santillana" which you so graciously dedicate

to the august Lady, who commands me to convey to you, in her Royal name, her most sincere thanks.

I gladly take this opportunity of signing myself your very attentive and faithful servant,

P. The DUKE of SOTOMAYOR.

# St. Ignatius Collegian

*By the Students of St. Ignatius College, Chicago, Ill.*

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EASTER, 1902.

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What sunlight glows around the thought of Easter morn. We cannot think of it without picturing a glorious dawn. Easter indeed is the daybreak of our hopes. And it has been aptly styled the queen of festivals. For on that day Christ established the faith which is our key to heaven.

The Junior-Sophomore oratorical promises to be entertaining. Each of the seven different speakers has chosen as his theme the avocation to which, he thinks, the world owes most.

The Senior debate deals with a question of very great moment to this city. It reads: "The city of Chicago should own and operate its own street-car systems and lighting plants." The very mention of municipal ownership, some twenty or more years ago, was hooted at by our papers as rank Socialism. To-day those same papers seem more or less in its favor. The Seniors have been giving the question not a little study.

Perhaps one of the most vital questions, with respect to the Church in the United States, is, whether or not the State schools will remain. The State schools not only teach no religion, they sometimes go further. We read in the *Ave Maria* for March 1st of this year: "The Catholics of Connecticut do well to protest against the proselytism that is being carried on in that State in the case of Catholic children who have become wards of the commonwealth."

The English intercollegiate essay touches on this question in a general way.

They say that even infidels sometimes write beautifully about the Church, its sacraments and ceremonies. Here is what Voltaire says about Holy Communion: "We scarcely breathe; we forget all earthly considerations; we are united with God and He is incorporated with us. Who durst, who could, after this, be guilty of a single crime, or only conceive the idea of one? It would indeed be impossible to devise a mystery capable of keeping men more effectually within the bounds of virtue."

A dozen or more little college men make their first Communion within the college walls every year. May our present year's first Communicants often experience the sweet peace that attends this first reception. Then, we feel safe in saying, even with Voltaire, that they will persevere in virtue.

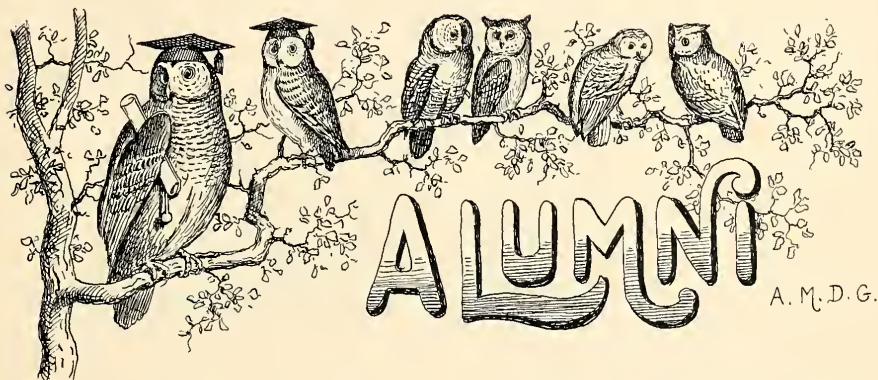
It has been our fortune to see a number of graduates leave their Alma Mater. We have gotten faint glimpses of them afterwards, sometimes in the Alumni notes and sometimes in the papers. The majority of them, however, we never hear of more. What will be the case with the present class of graduates? However, let us not get gloomy. Some, no doubt, will be physicians, some lawyers, some priests and some business men. Some may even "win a lofty place." But no matter what their condition, it will still remain true that the college days "were the happiest days of all." The little troubles that vex them now are mere trifles. Wait till the surge of an angry world is strong; till their whole combined physical, mental and moral force is called into action! That assuredly will be a struggle, "old boys;" but the writer knows you are stout fellows.

On the 20th of February last Pope Leo XIII. entered upon the twenty-fifth year of his pontifical reign. If he passes this year in safety he will have done what only two other Popes ever did, he will have governed the Church a quarter of a century.

Catholics see in him the worthy vicar of Christ; Protestants a wise and prudent ruler. When he was elected the Church seemed, to them, to be in a precarious state, for she had lost temporal power. They thought that Catholicism was crumbling and the grand old

Church was a thing of the past. But the newly elected Pope soon gave evidence of a power that solved all difficulties, dispelled their fond hopes and, strange to say, gained their esteem. He overcame the "Iron Prince;" solved the labor question, etc., etc. He gained their es-

teem by such declaration as this, "Loyalty to country is linked with loyalty to Church, because all government receives authority from God." They do not see the Holy Spirit working back of all this. They only see a wise and prudent statesman. John Halligan, '02.



From the Marine Review, published in Cleveland, date of Jan. 9, 1902, we clip the following tribute to Mr. John A. Kreer, A. B., St. Ignatius College, 1892:

"To further insure the success of its new plant, the Marine Iron Works of Chicago has been fortunate enough to secure in addition to the veteran services of its general manager, Mr. W. G. Nourse, and superintendent, Mr. W. H. Bates, the assistance of an able naval architect, Mr. John G. Kreer, who will devote his time entirely to the technical work of the company. Mr. Kreer, after graduating from college in this country, received his technical education at the royal school of naval architecture, Berlin-Charlottenburg. Completing the four years' course of study there, he was first employed as a naval architect in Hamburg, and then had the exceptional advantage of serving as assistant engineer to Johann Schuette at the experimental model basin of the North German Lloyd in Bremerhaven. Mr. Kreer says: 'I find my experience at the

model basin of great value to me in designing. The actual observation of the effect on its resistance of slight changes in lines of a model impresses on one the factors that go to make a speedy ship in a way that no amount of theorizing can accomplish. Whatever may be said of the absolute value of the data obtained, their relative value is beyond all question. I should have been glad perhaps to stay there longer, but there was a great deal of government work carried on (the German navy department has not yet completed its own model basin) and I dare say they were quite justified in not wanting a foreigner to know so much about their plans as my position there necessarily entailed.'

"Mr. Kreer is manifestly well informed in everything pertaining to his profession, and entering into his new work very enthusiastically, will unquestionably prove of great influence in the increasing success of the Marine Iron Works."





**MAYOR CARTER H. HARRISON.**

### **A Group of Alumni.**

The Collegian has been fortunate enough to secure photographs of Mayor Harrison and also of the four gentlemen who have thus far filled the position of President of the Alumni Association. Short biographical sketches of each are appended.

#### **MAYOR CARTER H. HARRISON.**

His Honor, Mayor Harrison, was a student of St. Ignatius College from 1876 to 1881, while his father was Mayor of Chicago. In the latter year he received his bachelor's degree. After graduation he made the two years' course of law at Yale. He successively practiced law, engaged in the real estate business, and published the Chicago Times, which had been purchased by his father. He spent the year 1895 traveling around the world. Mr. Harrison is now serving his third continuous term as Mayor of Chicago, and he is some-

times spoken of as a candidate for the Presidency.

#### **The Four Presidents of the Alumni Association.**

##### **HON. RICHARD PRENDERGAST.**

Hon. Richard Prendergast was the first President of the Alumni Association. He attended St. Ignatius during the session 1875-76, his previous attainments having qualified him for the Senior year. Young Prendergast graduated second in a class of seven. At the early age of 28 Mr. Prendergast was elected Judge of the County Court, which position he filled for two terms with much distinction. He was first President of the Drainage Board, which brought to completion the famous engineering feat of the drainage canal. Mr. Prendergast died in 1899. He was much attached to his Alma Mater, and his three sons are now attending St. Ignatius College.



**HON. RICHARD PRENDERCAST.**

**MR. WILLIAM J. DONLIN.**

William J. Donlin, the second President of the Alumni Association, was born in Chicago on March 11, 1859. He entered St. Ignatius College in December, 1871, was graduated in June, 1877, and received his master's degree in 1879. In 1881 he was admitted to the bar and has since continued in the practice of his profession. He was for four years in charge of special assessments levied by the city of Chicago, and has become an expert attorney in the trial of tax cases and those involving the condemnation of property for public use, and the assessment of property for public improvements.

**MR. JACOB F. MEHREN.**

The third President of the Alumni Association was Jacob F. Mehren. Mr. Mehren was

enrolled amongst the students of St. Ignatius in the opening session of the college, 1870-71, his name being found amongst the students of Third Humanities, a class which corresponded with our present Third Academic. He remained at the college for three years. Owing to a liking for electricity, acquired in the physics class at college, he took up telegraphy as a means of livelihood. He was employed by the Western Union Telegraph Company until 1877, when he entered the service of the city in the fire alarm telegraph branch of the Fire Department. He rose from the position of line repairer to that of chief of instrument repairs, in which position he is now rounding out his twenty-fifth year of service. Mr. Mehren is also a prominent officer of the C. O. F. He takes much pride in being the first of the college students to send a son to the institution. His second son, Mr. Edward Mehren, is now on the teaching staff of St. Ignatius.



**MR. WILLIAM J. DONLIN.**

### MR. JOSEPH A. CONNELL.

At the annual Alumni election, which took place in January, 1902, Mr. Joseph Connell was chosen as the fourth President of the association. Mr. Connell attended St. Ignatius from 1881 to 1886, receiving in the latter year his diploma. In 1891 he took his A. M. degree and in 1895 his LL. D. Mr. Connell is assistant counsel for the C., B. & Q. Railroad. He has an interesting family and his home is in La Grange, Illinois.



### ANNUAL ELECTION.

The annual election of the Alumni Association took place in January, and the list of officers elected will be printed in the annual college catalogue.



Mr. JACOB F. MEHREN.



Mr. JOSEPH A. CONNELL.

### From the Eternal City.

**M**R. JOHN LANGE, '98, has broken his long silence by sending the S. I. Collegian some very chatty and interesting items from the Polish College in Rome. Mr. Lange has received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the Gregorian University, and he expects to be ordained in 1903. He says:

"The last issue of the St. Ignatius Collegian was a neat little Christmas souvenir of their Alma Mater for the old students, and at the same time a pleasant herald of good tidings from the college, and a fine specimen of the literary ability of the students in the various classes. Such booklets in gold and maroon covers are welcome oftener. I take great interest in all the happenings at the college. Up to the present I have always been kept well informed by my friends who were attending. But now my only source of information is 'The New World' of Chicago; hence I was very

glad to find so much information in the 'S. I. Collegian.'

"I have had only one very short chat with Mr. Charles O'Hern, and I am anxiously waiting to have a longer conversation with him. It is difficult for me to meet him, since he attends the Propaganda, whereas I attend the Gregorian University of the Jesuit Fathers, where I am this year making my second year of theology. My professors in theology are Rev. L. Billot, S. J., one of the two best commentators of St. Thomas Aquinas living, and Rev. Pignataro, S. J. Lectures on church history are given by Rev. Macchi, S. J. His lectures are very interesting. The most interesting professor whom I have ever met and ever hope to meet is my professor of moral theology, Rev. J. Bucceroni, S. J. He has such a clear and fascinating manner of lecturing that to listen to him is a pleasure so captivating that at the end of the hour one leaves the class-room reluctantly."

## Obituary.

MICHAEL F. O'DEA, S. J.

It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of an old student of St. Ignatius, Mr. Michael F. O'Dea, S. J., who made a brilliant record at college from 1890 to 1894. In his four years at college he made the classes from Second Academic to Junior, both included, and in the final examination of the latter class he made 95 per cent, standing second in his class.

The editors of The Collegian extend to his family their sympathy in the loss of one so dear to them, and regret the untimely end of one whose whole life gave promise of great things in the service of God.

From the New World of January 25, we take the following clipping:

"Mr. Michael F. O'Dea, S. J., died at St. Mary's College, Kansas, at 2 o'clock a. m., Jan. 14. He was born in Chicago and received his primary education at the parochial school of the Immaculate Conception and the school of the Christian Brothers.

"He next attended St. Ignatius College until his 17th year, when, recognizing that his vocation was to the priesthood, and to the religious life, he entered the Jesuit novitiate at

Florissant, Mo. After four years at the novitiate he began his higher studies for the priesthood at St. Louis University, after which he went to St. Mary's, where he spent the remaining years of his life.

"He was a bright young man of unusual talents and piety and was a model of perfection. The aim of his life had been to reach the priesthood. This ambition death prevented him from realizing, but in preparing himself for his high calling his life had been ennobled and beautified. It was God's will that he should close his life so soon, and it must be a consolation and a source of edification to all who have known him, that he made so much out of his short life, and was well prepared to appear before God. The funeral took place at 8 o'clock Wednesday morning. Mass was celebrated in the students' chapel by Rev. Father McCabe, S. J., after which all the members of the faculty and the students accompanied the body to the cemetery. May he rest in peace."

MICHAEL T. CAHILL.

Students of 1881-2-3 will remember Michael T. Cahill, a member of the first and second Academic classes. Mr. Cahill died last November, leaving behind him the reputation of a good Christian, who was faithful to the principles learned at college. He had been very successful in business life; and he is mourned by a wife whom he married a year previous to his death.

MICHAEL A. SULLIVAN.

The Collegian extends its sympathy to the parents and family of Michael A. Sullivan who departed this life in February, 1902. Michael attended the preparatory class and all the classes of the commercial course, leaving college in 1898.

## Societies.

THE SODALITIES.

**U**NDER the direction of Frs. Neenan, S. J., and Feld, S. J., the Sodalties have flourished wonderfully throughout the year. It is, indeed, gratifying to note the continued good spirit and regular attend-



ance, of all the members.

The officers in particular are to be commended on the manner in which they fulfill their duties. In the Senior Sodality the same students who held office during the first half of the year, have been re-elected. This is evidence of the fact that they have given entire satisfaction.

Although it may be somewhat inconvenient for the members to come to Sodality during the warm months, we earnestly request them to continue to attend as they have during the past and thus give greater honor to the Blessed Virgin, to whom they are consecrated.

Charles G. O'Shea, '02.

#### CHRYSOSTOMIAN SOCIETY.

The first session of the second term of the Chrysostomian Society opened with an election of officers. After the usual nomination speeches and casting and re-casting of votes, it was seen that once again the members proved true to their traditions by electing to office those whose conduct and studies gave promise of efficient service in the interests of the society.

So happy a beginning presaged a successful term, and the subsequent meetings equalled if not surpassed the expectations of the members. The subjects chosen for debate were drawn from historical, literary, educational and political subjects, and were invariably well thought out and gracefully delivered.

The efforts of the younger members of the society deserve a special mention.

If maiden speeches may be taken as an earnest of future proficiency then the society has every reason to expect much from these, its younger members. A like care and diligence was bestowed upon the essays and elocution pieces. The Chrysostomian has therefore prospered, and now that the remaining sessions are few in number, we think it just to express our warmest congratulations to the officers and members for their constant attendance and dili-

gence during the many sessions of the present scholastic year.

#### THE LOYOLA LITERARY SOCIETY.

Immediately after the resumption of classes in January, The Loyola Literary Society held its first meeting and elected a competent staff of officers for the ensuing term. There are bright prospects of a very successful year, judging by the large number in constant attendance at the weekly meetings and the untiring zeal, which the members display in the preparation of the various programs.

It was surprising to see with what earnestness and sound judgment the debates were conducted. Among some of the questions discussed were: "Negro Colonization," "The Parochial School Question," "Machinery as a Help to Laborers," and many more interesting subjects. The Loyola Society has also been a potent factor in drawing out the oratorical abilities of those backward individuals, whose talents perhaps would otherwise never have been brought to the light.

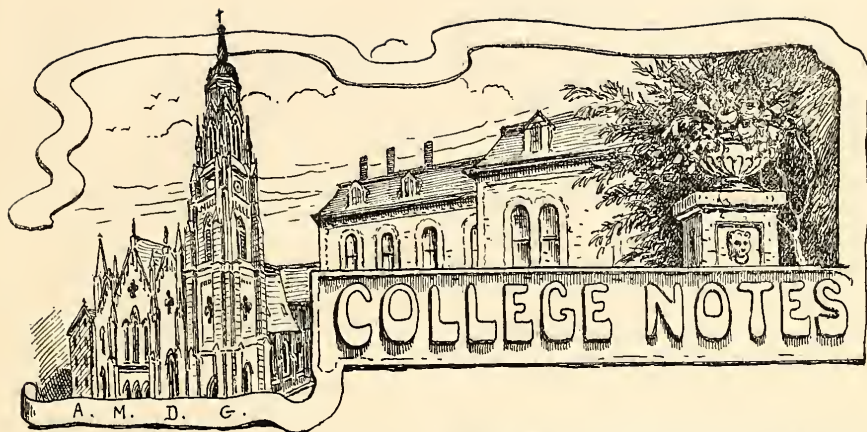
We think that we can justly say, without underestimating the good work of the preceding years, that the term of 1901-1902 has been the most successful in the history of the society. Thomas A. Canty, Secretary, '05.

#### LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

The League of the Sacred Heart, under the directorship of Rev. Father Edmund Murphy, is steadily progressing. The monthly intention sheets are well filled with the pious intentions of the boys, and the communions of reparation are of daily occurrence. Well pleased must be the Sacred Heart with these continued manifestations of fervor and devotion.

Devotions on the first Friday of every month consist of a sermon by the director and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Martin J. McEvoy, '02.



On March 10, 11 and 12, a stillness like that of vacation fell on the college halls. Studies and recreation were laid aside and for three days the students in silence busied themselves with things spiritual. The exercises of the Seniors' retreat were conducted by Fr. Terence Shealy, S. J., whose earnest and eloquent exhortations caused the fervor and consequent success which characterized the annual retreat this year. That Fr. John Driscoll, S. J., who had charge of the Juniors, reached their hearts, was shown by the solemn and serious expression the "men in knickerbockers" wore during those three days.

To the students of other years it may be of interest to know that the old "gym" has been dismantled and abandoned. The only one who has not forsaken it is "Big Frank," the engineer. Frank may be found there every morning looking after his steam-valves and incidentally looking for the punching-bag, which he could never pass by without trying his muscle.

The new "gym" occupies the entire western half of the playroom and, needless to say, the ceiling offers John Moore no obstacle in taking a full swing on the horizontal bar.

Poetry class is earnestly demanding a patron saint. Notwithstanding the fact that St. Cath-

erine's and St. Chrysostom's Day, when the Philosophers and Rhetoricians celebrated their patron's feast with a holiday, lent a stimulant to the agitation, in our charity we considered the desire wholly devotional until we heard that any saint whose feast came in July, August or on Thursday was thereby disqualified and until we heard Poetry's "enfant terrible" Louie Sayre singing on St. Chrysostom's Day:

"O well for the Rhetorician  
That can shout in the yard at play,  
But the saintless forsaken Poet  
Must remain in school all day."

We learn on good authority that the Rhetoricians in a fit of class spirit have decided to wear uniform caps with the figures "'03" neatly done in maroon and gold. Dissentions, gossip has it, have already arisen among the projectors. Niles, it is said, is determined on having some black "mousselin de soie" sewed on his and Hall has threatened to continue to wear his old brown "dice" owing to the injustice of charging him and McClellan as much as Conley and Graber and the other "big boys of his class."

Poetry class has determined to take advantage of the aesthetical influence which spring has on poets "of the long, flowing hair." In a short time you can expect an invitation to a "Coleridge afternoon," a "Tennyson afternoon" and a "Shakespeare afternoon." Elocu-

tion, music and song and readings from the best of these poets will compose the program. Thank you, Poetry, we'll all come, wearing "specks," with "fluffy" locks and a beautiful volume of your inspired favorites under our arm, and we'll sit through it all.

The class leaders in the third quarterly competitions were as follows: Junior Class, Joseph A. Graber; Sophomore Class, Frank McDonnell; Freshman A, John Lannon; Freshman B, Hector Brosseau; First Academic A, Edgar C. Banks; First Academic B, Daniel Cahill; First Special, William Rooney; Second Academic A, James Murray; Second Academic B, Patrick Cronin; Second Special A, Gilbert Buhmann; Second Special B, Patrick Mulhern; Third Academic A, Henry Popperfuss; Third Academic B, John K. Ryan; First Commercial, Joseph L. Wyrzykowski; Second Commercial, Fred Clark; Third Commercial, James Howard; Fourth Commercial, Robert E. Tyrrell; Preparatory, John Suldane.

The two Third Academic classes have had several stirring contests in the Latin etymology, honors now being about even between them. The last contest, on March 8, was very exciting, one champion alone remaining standing on each side towards the end. The victory finally was won by Master John A. Ward for the class of Third Academic A.

A visitor inquired of a "prep" if Lilly and McCumiskey were philosophers.

"They 'o 2 be," replied the "prep."

Fr. Copus paid a flying visit to the college last month and remained long enough to shake hands with his old friends in Commercial.

The Senior oratorical contest will take place in the Sodality hall on April 2. The subject of the debate is: "Resolved, That the City of Chicago should own and operate its own railway system and lighting plants." Messrs. Collins, Lilly and O'Shea will champion the negative, while Messrs. Cooke, McEvoy and Smith will uphold the affirmative. Judging from the preliminary contests, the winner will have no easy task. Philosophy class is rich in oratorical talent this year. To the winner we can heartily say, "Well done."

The Junior-Sophomore contest will be held

a week later. In regard to the question, "To what avocation does the world owe most?" the contestants have chosen the following subjects: A. Hellgeth, the statesman; J. Prendergast, the educator; V. McDonnell, the inventor; J. Finnegan, the priest; A. Moran, the editor; R. Prendergast, the warrior; E. Lawlor, the business man. The wide scope which the question allows for a display of oratorical talents argues well for an interesting and close contest.

The elocution contests will take place early in May. An unusually large number of students are already preparing for the preliminaries, which will be held April 14 to 19.

William A. Murphy, '04.

#### **Mr. William P. Redmond's Visit.**

Friday afternoon, March 21, the students of St. Ignatius had an opportunity of hearing Mr. William P. Redmond, an eminent Irish member of the British Parliament. In the course of his speech he paid an eloquent tribute to the work of the Jesuits throughout the world. He said that he ever held in most tender remembrance the five years he spent in their college at Clongoes, Ireland. To religious orders, such as the Jesuits, he said could be attributed largely the fact that the Irish people have remained true to their faith, through so many long years of persecution. Again he remarked that Ireland, which was connected with America by the strongest ties of blood and friendship, which had ever stood by America, and in the persons of her sons had contributed so much to America's honor, on many a hard fought battle-field, would not be forsaken by America, would elicit America's sympathy and support in her struggle for liberty.

"In Ireland," he said, "the only flag that is placed beside our own emblem of immortal green is the "Stars and Stripes." And should your great and glorious Republic, which God forbid, ever need a helping hand, there is not one young man in Ireland to-day who would not cheerfully respond to America's cry, and lay down his life in her service."

In conclusion, he earnestly advised his listeners to become familiar with the history of Ireland, with her former glory and the long

story of her suffering and the persecutions she underwent for the faith of St. Patrick, with her present condition, and he was certain they would give Ireland what she asked, sympathy and support in her noble struggle.

The students showed their appreciation by numerous bursts of applause. And when Mr. Redmond had finished they extended to him a rising vote of thanks and three hearty cheers, with all the vim and vigor of St. Ignatius.

John Prendergast, '03.

The following announcements were sent to all the directors of Parochial Schools in Chicago.

St. Ignatius College,  
Chicago, March 3, 1902.

To the Directors of Chicago Parochial Schools:

Owing to the generosity of friends, St. Ignatius College is in a position at present to encourage the work of our parochial schools by offering ten free scholarships. These scholarships cover the whole Academic and Collegiate courses, and they will be allotted by competitive examinations.

As the advancement of religion and the success of religious education depend in great measure on the mutual co-operation of our Catholic parochial schools, high schools and colleges, you are kindly requested to bring the accompanying announcement to the notice of the boys of your highest class.

Strong efforts are being made in the non-Catholic educational world to-day, to unify the whole non-Catholic system of education from the kindergarten to the university. Needless to say, success is meeting these efforts, and bright, ambitious pupils pass easily from common school and high school to non-Catholic colleges and universities.

Catholic educators must be awake to the emergency, and we can hope to hold our own only by concerted action on the part of all engaged in the work of Catholic education. Great credit is due to those school directors who take a pride in seeing that none of their

pupils, on graduating, pass to a non-Catholic institution. Very sincerely yours,

Henry J. Dumbach, S. J.,  
President.

Francis Cassilly, S. J., Vice President.

#### A RARE CHANCE FOR BRIGHT BOYS.

Boys, if you are ambitious to get a college education free, just read this. Don't say you are not talented enough to succeed. Try anyhow. The brightest boys do not always make the best showing in examinations.

Competitive examination for free scholarships at St. Ignatius College:

Conditions of the contest—

1. Ten free scholarships will be awarded.
2. The examination will be held on Thursday, Aug. 21, 1902, at 9 a. m., in St. Ignatius College, 413 West 12th street, Chicago.
3. The applicant must have been a pupil of a parochial school, in the Archdiocese of Chicago, during the whole session of 1901-02.
4. No school will be awarded more than one scholarship.

5. Any boy of the eighth or the highest grade in his school, will be eligible to take the examination.

6. The scholarships will cover the whole Academic and College courses.

Matter of examination—

English grammar—etymology, rules of syntax, corrections of false syntax with reasons, parsing, analysis of sentences.

Original composition—included punctuation, spelling and use of capital letters.

Reading—at sight.

Arithmetic—the whole of arithmetic, particular stress being laid on fractions, common and decimal, the metric system, percentage, interest, proportion, square root, cube root, and mensuration.

Congressman McAndrews has offered to appoint a St. Ignatius boy to a cadetship at West Point. Who will be the lucky one to get it? Applicants for the position should hand in their names to Father Cassilly by May 1st.



# MUSIC and Song

A. M. D. G.

**A**LTHOUGH much enthusiasm is shown in baseball, gymnastics and in the several college societies, nevertheless the three musical societies are in a thriving condition.

That the members take a keen interest in the work may be ascertained by a saunter through the corridors of the fourth floor during the noon hour. Here, in various rooms, amateurs on horns and violins, practice with a perseverance that predicts success while the choirs and the glee club prove that they are no less diligent.

Monday is a day of general rehearsal for the orchestra, and though it scarcely has an hour's practice, under the direction of Prof. M. A. Roy, it accomplishes a great deal in the time allotted. It has mastered quite a number of new selections and has received several new members into its ranks. Besides the valuable acquisition of a cello, a cornet, trombone and violin have been added.

Much of this success is due to Father Cassilly, who is indefatigable in his efforts to promote the welfare of the orchestra. Lately he treated the members of the orchestra and glee club to a recital of the Chicago Orchestra, for which the boys are very grateful.

Three times a week the glee club, under Mr. Talmadge, S. J., labors earnestly, learning new college songs. The director has been exhorting the poetic members to write some appropriate verses which could be set to music, but so far

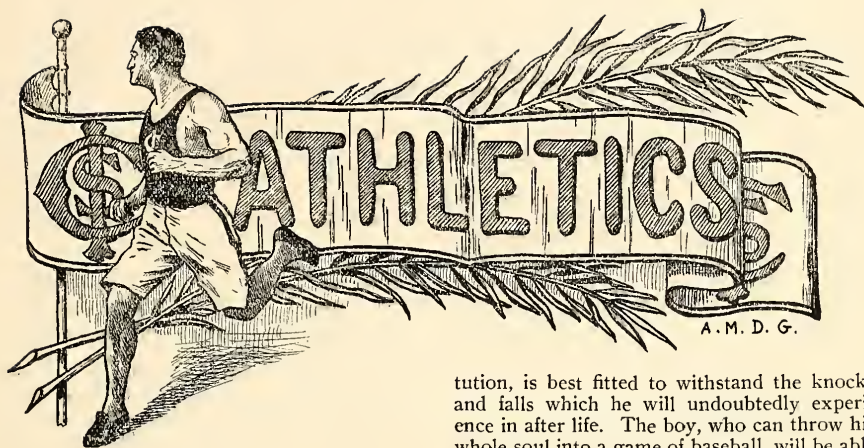
no contributors have been forthcoming. However, the old songs seem to be satisfactory, if we may judge by the appreciation shown by the students.

Last but not least, may be mentioned the choirs. They deserve praise, not alone for the entertainment they afford, but for the talent they are developing. Especially is this noteworthy among the younger students.

Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 11, the annual Mardi Gras concert was given. A delightful hour was spent listening to the musical talent of the college. Besides the orchestra, glee club and choirs, several instrumental and vocal duets and solos were given. Three members of the Junior choir agreeably surprised the audience, which applauded vigorously.

Monsignor Michael Brady and the phonograph finished the program in a very entertaining manner. Since then the monsignor's celebrity is firmly established.

From now until the Commencement exercises the musical societies will appear a number of times. A special feature of the Commencement exercises will be a "Vacation Song," which will be rendered by the choirs and accompanied by the orchestra. The words come from the poetic pen of our prefect of studies, Rev. Francis Cassilly, and have been artistically set to music by Bro. Louis, S. J., of whose talent and skill the public are already aware, through his compositions, written for "Near the Throne," the play given by the students during the Christmas holidays. The words of the song will be found on the first page of The Collegian. Leo J. Dugdale, '04.



It is a well known fact that the most popular and influential individual in a school or college is the athlete. No matter what his accomplishments may be, no matter how keen his intellect or how high his attainments, no matter how distinguishing his ability, this youth on whom Nature has lavished her choicest gifts of strength, endurance and agility, is always surrounded by a group of admiring satellites. The influence of this athlete is, however, for good. By his example a stimulus is given to healthy and manly exercise, and his fellow students are urged on to take part in athletic contests, which tend to develop them physically.

The world to-day is overflowing with narrow-chested, ill-shaped, sunken-eyed individuals who are, from force of habit, called men. In this age of progress it is not the man with the overflowing intellect and weak constitution who is going to triumph in the struggle of life, but the possessor of nerves of steel and muscles of flint. The football player who, with dogged pertinacity, fights inch by inch along the gridiron until finally he places the ball in triumph beyond the goal, is the man who is best fitted to battle on the gridiron of life; and he is the one who will triumphantly reach the goal of success. The gymnast, who by withstanding the knocks and falls in the gymnasium builds for himself an iron consti-

tution, is best fitted to withstand the knocks and falls which he will undoubtedly experience in after life. The boy, who can throw his whole soul into a game of baseball, will be able to exhibit his college training to the best advantage, in after life, when the number of foul balls exceeds the fair ones and Umpire World decides against him.

But it must be remembered that, although athletics cannot be too highly recommended, they are but an accompaniment and an auxiliary of college life and not its main end or purpose. The boy, who makes athletics an all-ruling passion, does an injustice to himself and to those who are defraying his expenses, and who expect neither an educated physical wreck nor one whose only accomplishments are a hand-spring, the art of curving a ball and a conceited opinion of himself generally. Although the athletic fever at our college has not reached that altitude, yet that particular phase of college life has never before experienced such a boom as at the present time.

The athletic board, which had long been considering the advisability of constructing a new gymnasium finally resolved upon new quarters, and for the past few weeks the carpenters and workmen were busily engaged in remodeling "Recreation Hall." That spacious room has undergone a complete change. One third of the space was partitioned off by heavy iron screens and is used as the apparatus room. The remaining portion, to the great delight of the baseball candidates and track team aspirants, has been fitted

with baseball nets, vaulting poles and uprights and other track appurtenances, and this will enable the men to receive the benefit of indoor practice when the weather forbids the use of the campus. The paraphernalia with which the apparatus room is furnished is of the finest and most costly. Traveling rings, ladders, horses, dumb-bells, Indian clubs, wrist machines, horizontal and parallel bars, boxing gloves, striking bags, wrestling and tumbling mats, lockers, and in fact everything which an enthusiastic gymnast could desire, is to be found there. The Athletic Association of St. Ignatius has spared neither labor nor money in order to make this new gymnasium attractive and inviting, and we doubt if there are many schools which can boast of finer quarters for physical development.

Professor Moe, for the last four years physical instructor of the St. Paul Athletic Association, worked hard and earnestly to make the athletic exhibition of the 20th of March a memorable one, and he succeeded admirably. The active interest, which the alumni manifested in connection with this event, was very gratifying to the student body. Those who last year witnessed the difficult and laughable feats of Leo J. Kennedy, were agreeably surprised when they beheld him among the members of the alumni who took an active part. Clarence E. Mercer, John K. Moore, Wm. E. Scott, Guy Moore, Ralph McCarthy and "Con" O'Neil were the other "old boys" who assisted in making the exhibition pleasing and successful. Among the college students Master John Ward easily carried off the honors. The class of Third Academic "A" have every reason to be proud of their representative. This young gymnast, with another year's training, will certainly develop into a remarkable little athlete. The enthusiastic audience showed their appreciation of his wonderful exhibition of nerve and daring by frequent applause.

#### Program of "Gym" Exhibition, March 20.

Overture .....	S. I. C. Orchestra
Pole Exhibition .....	.....
Violin Solo .....	Mr. Louis Brosseau
Accompanist, Mr. Thos. Anderson.	
Exhibition Club Swinging .....	.....

.....Prof. John Moe, Physical Instructor	
Parallel Bars .....	.....
Vocal Solo—"The Rosary" .....	Nevin
Mr. Thos. S. Nolan.	
Piano Solo .....	Mr. Jos. J. Murphy
Exercises on the Horse .....	.....
Vocal Solo—Selected ....	Mr. Philip J. Maher
Tumbling .....	.....
Vocal Solo—"For All Eternity" ..	Mascheroni
Mr. Ray Binder.	

Pyramids .....	.....
Finale .....	S. I. C. Orchestra

The members of the Athletic Association who represented it in the "Gym" exhibit were:  
 Seniors—Messrs. Devine, Dillon, Blanc, Graber, Carroll, Desmond, Doyle, Scimeca, Caplice, Suldane, Seger, Guthrie, Geo., Sullivan, Carrick, Sayre, McElherne, Prendergast.  
 Juniors—Masters Howard, Doyle, McCarthy, Blake, Reynolds, Ward, Turner, Brosseau, Hughes, Buhmann, Furlong, O'Grady, Zinser, O'Connell, Gervais.

Alumni—Messrs. O'Neill, Scott, John K. Moore, Guy Moore, J. Cogle, Kennedy, McCarthy, Mercer.

Baseball practice in March is something very uncertain, yet we can safely predict a moderately successful season for our nine. True, only two of last year's star aggregation remain; still the number of candidates who have applied for positions warrant a fairly good team. Although experience will be lacking to a majority of our new members, the indoor practice indicates that this deficiency will be supplied by plenty of nerve and the spirit of "never-say-die." Manager Cook promises a fine schedule to our patrons, beginning the season with games against the Chicago and Northwestern Universities. Other games have been arranged with Morgan Park Academy, Wheaton College, Lewis Institute.

The Athletic Association extends its sincerest thanks to the Alumni and to all who, by their presence and material encouragement, contributed to the success of our recent athletic entertainment. It cordially invites all who are interested in the athletics of the college to visit and inspect our new gymnasium.  
 Joseph A. Graber, '03.



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